

2739



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# APPLETONS' POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

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## Prospectus for 1897.

**D**URING the last few years science has been unusually fruitful in important and striking discoveries. Helium and argon, the electric furnace, and the X-ray are but a few of the more startling results in the physical sciences. Similarly important if less sensational advances are being made in the fields of medicine and sanitation. Students of society and politics are coming to see the necessity for a scientific study of sociology, if we are to cope successfully with the increasing difficulties of modern civilization. We have always insisted that such a study was the only one which promised any satisfactory solution of social problems, and that many of society's worst evils were due simply to ignorance of elementary scientific principles. It is very gratifying to observe the unmistakable signs of a growing acceptance of this view that have become manifest during recent years. In our issues for 1897 we shall endeavor, as heretofore, to help on this movement by giving to the general public month by month a summary, in simple words, of what is going on in the various fields of scientific research, and of the applications of the principles thus worked out.

Among the features of special interest will be a series of papers by Prof. WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY, on the Racial Geography of Europe, the subject of the last course of Lowell lectures delivered by him. The articles will be freely illustrated. DAVID A. WELLS's interesting papers on Taxation will continue, and there will be a series of carefully prepared illustrated articles on science at the universities, which is to include accounts of the leading scientific institutions and societies of the country. Education and child psychology will be given considerable space, and sanitary questions, especially in connection with household economy, will receive attention. Timely single articles may be expected from our usual contributors, among whom may be named—

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APPLETON MORGAN,  
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# THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
Volume XIII.

No. 2739—January 2, 1897.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXXII.

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## POETRY.

A TRAMP'S SONG,	2	ON THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE
SERENADE (1250 A. D.)	2	OF JOHN BRIGHT,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

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Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

GEO. A. FOXCROFT, Manager Advertising Department, 36 Bromfield St., Room 3.

## A TRAMP'S SONG.

All along the dusty road in bright June  
weather,

With the broomlike flame upon the tan-  
gled banks,

While dandelion stalks are crowned with  
soft grey feather,

And the big dog-daisies stand in snow-  
white ranks.

High above the rugged hills, where pine-  
stems taper

Over oak-leaf cushions, float the dappled  
clouds.

All the landscape quivers through a veil  
of vapor,

And the sunbeams sink to sleep in  
golden shrouds.

Far away, O far away, I hear the voices  
Of the glad birds mingled in their sweet-  
toned strife.

Deep within my veins the throbbing blood  
rejoices,

And my heart goes singing for the pride  
of life.

ARTHUR E. J. LEGGE.

## SERENADE (1250 A.D.).

With stars, with trailing galaxies,  
Like a white-rose bower in bloom,

Darkness garlands the vaulted skies,  
Day's adorn'd tomb;

A whisper without the briny west,  
Thrills and sweetens the gloom;

Within, Miranda seeks her rest  
High in her turret-room.

Armies upon her walls encamp  
In silk and silver thread;

Chased and fretted, her silver lamp  
Dimly lights her bed;

And now the silken screen is drawn,  
The velvet coverlet spread;

And the pillow of down and snowy lawn  
Mantles about her head.

With violet-scented rain  
Sprinkle the rushy floor;

Let the tapestry hide the tinted pane,  
And cover the chamber door;

But leave a glimmering beam,  
Miranda belamour,  
To touch and gild my waking dream,  
For I am your troubadour.

I sound my throbbing lyre,  
And sing to myself below;  
Her damsel sits beside the fire  
Crooning a song I know;  
The tapestry shakes on the wall,  
And shadows hurry and go,  
The silent flames leap up and fall,  
And the muttering birch-logs glow.

Deep and sweet she sleeps,  
Because of her love for me;  
And deep and sweet the peace that keeps  
My happy heart in fee!  
Peace on the heights, in the deeps,  
Peace over hill and lea,  
Peace through the starlit steepes,  
Peace on the starlit sea,  
Because a simple maiden sleeps  
Dreaming a dream of me.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

ON THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE OF  
JOHN BRIGHT.

Seven years have fled since on thy honored  
clay

I laid a fading wreath of grateful verse;  
Willing, once more I come again to-day

Thy unforgotten virtues to rehearse.  
Friend of the friendless else, thou art not  
dead

Whilst still one voice laments thy hon-  
ored head.

Stand here, great Englishman! earth  
knows to-day

No prouder title than that world-wide  
name;

Though thrones and rank and honors pass  
away,

There comes no cloud that shall obscure  
thy fame.

Here in the precincts where thy years  
were spent,

Inspire, sustain thy well-loved Parlia-  
ment!

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE OLNEY DOCTRINE.

That the settlement of the Venezuela question, so far as it is in the power of Great Britain and the United States to settle it, should be received with general satisfaction in this country, is extremely natural; that it should be treated as a matter scarcely important enough to rouse interest, or require other than hasty and perfunctory comment, is rather curious. Not ten months ago it was viewed with passionate emotion on one side of the Atlantic, with perturbed and painful anxiety on the other; now it drifts quietly away in a mist of half-understood detail, and we scarcely turn our heads to look at it as it disappears below the political horizon. The experts will have a good deal to do with it before it is quite disposed of; but it may now reasonably be hoped that it will be left in the condition in which it will concern the diplomatists and the lawyers alone, and will not again run any risk of interesting the general public.

The precise effect and meaning of the settlement not very many Englishmen have been at the pains to ascertain, nor are they likely to do so. The common sentiment echoes the prudent and well-calculated levity with which Lord Salisbury treated the subject in his Guildhall speech. Most of us are much inclined to agree with the prime minister that after all the whole affair was one of no great moment to the people of this country. A trumpety dispute, about some leagues of swamp and forest, with a fifth-rate republic, on one of the odd corners of the empire! Surely the wearied Titan has other things to think about. Even if there is "auriferous territory" involved, there are plenty of gold mines elsewhere.

With all the careful "coaching" he got from laborious journalists who had worked up the maps and the blue-books, it is probable that the man in the street and the man in the club, on either side of the Atlantic, never quite made out where the Cuyuni River ran or what the Schomburgk line was. He became excited over the question when he heard, if he was an American, that the Britisher was trying to violate the

sacred doctrine of Monroe; if an Englishman, when he was told that the United States was attempting to bully us out of something which a British colony might justly claim as its own. Now that his political guides and leaders have informed him that a compromise has been arranged which is satisfactory to the honor of both parties, he is quite content to forget the whole affair. In this country there is assuredly no disposition to look narrowly at the terms of settlement, or weigh too strictly the gains and losses in the diplomatic bargain. It is assumed—for the exact details are not yet known, and when they are known they probably will not be generally understood—that while we have given way to the United States, by admitting its right to intervene in the dispute, we have secured the substantial securities for which, as the guardians of British Guiana, we were mainly contending. An equitable arrangement has been made by which the long-established prescriptive occupation of the inhabitants of the older colonial territories is recognized; subject to this we are to arbitrate on the whole debatable district, as the United States government has all along demanded. If there are some who feel that, supposing this arrangement to be prudent and just, it might have been most suitably made *before* instead of *after* Mr. Cleveland's message; if they find a certain humiliation in the fact that this solution, so long refused to diplomatic pressure, has been somewhat precipitately granted when diplomacy was backed by a threat of war, they are in the minority. There is no denying the fact that in concluding the Arbitration Treaty, Lord Salisbury has satisfied the great body of his countrymen. The prevalent sentiment is one of impatient relief. We are glad to be done with a vexatious business; we are only somewhat annoyed to think that, trivial as we are now led to believe it really was, it should have given us some months of occasional anxiety and some moments of genuine alarm.

But though the boundary question is in itself of no very great importance, the same cannot be said of the episode of

American intervention, or of the process by which it has been terminated. On the contrary. It would not be surprising if the future historian of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries should come to consider this series of occurrences as the beginning of a new epoch in international relations; and he even may see cause to regard it as the most significant and pregnant event of all this *annus mirabilis* 1896. It is true its importance and interest are much more for the people of the United States than for Englishmen, though the latter too are very closely concerned in it. For Americans the assertion, and the partial recognition, of the new version of the Monroe Doctrine, laid down by Mr. Olney last summer, may have consequences that will be felt for generations. It is strange that this aspect of the matter has received very little attention in America and next to none in this country. Both nations are content to welcome the fact—which indeed is gratifying enough in itself—that their rulers, after getting to high words, and after hesitating as it seemed on the very brink of a serious quarrel, have contrived to adjust all differences by an arbitration arrangement, and have even made the incident the occasion of settling the draft of a General Treaty of Arbitration. In the exultation or the relief with which this comfortable escape from a most awkward embarrassment is hailed, it is forgotten that, before the solution had been reached, principles had been asserted, and precedents laid down, which must become part, if not of International Law, at any rate of public policy. A novel attempt has been made to define the attitude of the United States towards the other governments of the two Americas. A fresh article has been added to the code which regulates the relations of the civilized powers to one another. How far the new system extends, and what its precise meaning and validity may be, are questions which the recent transactions have left in much uncertainty. They are at least worth some consideration.

There are, I know, observers who deny that any such striking results as

those suggested have been developed in the course of the Anglo-American negotiations. Nothing, they would say, is changed; there is only a treaty the more. There is a tendency among some American journalists, who have specially supported the action of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney, to minimize the importance of the state secretary's famous despatch. They refuse to admit that there has been any change in the policy of the United States, or that anything said or done in connection with the Venezuela frontier dispute has seriously modified international relations. The *Times* correspondent at Washington has asserted this opinion with a good deal of emphasis; and it seems to have been adopted, after some hesitation, by his employers in London. We have been told the new Monroe Doctrine does not seem very materially to differ from the old one.<sup>1</sup> These, however, are the second thoughts of the *Times*. A day or two previously that journal had committed itself to a much more serious and more logical opinion on the meaning of the Washington compact:—

From the point of view of the United States the arrangement is a concession by Great Britain of the most far-reaching kind. It admits a principle that in respect of South American Republics the United States may not only intervene in disputes, but may entirely supersede the original disputant and assume exclusive control of the negotiations. Great Britain cannot, of course, bind any other nation by her action in this matter, but she has set up a precedent which may in future be quoted with great effect against herself, and she has greatly strengthened the hands of the United States government in any dispute that may arise in the future between a South American republic and a European power in which the United States may desire to intervene.

If we choose to turn back to a time before this "far-reaching" concession had been made, and when it was believed that it would not be made, we shall find the same conviction asserted in still more emphatic language "It must be observed that the Monroe Doctrine on

<sup>1</sup> See the *Times* November 16, 1896.

which Mr. Olney relies has received an entirely new development in his despatch and in Mr. Cleveland's message. . . . Lord Salisbury expresses his full concurrence in the view "that any disturbance of the existing territorial distribution in the Western Hemisphere by any fresh acquisition on the part of any European States would be a highly inexpedient change." But the recognition of this expediency does not cover the deductions from the Monroe Doctrine which Mr. Olney's despatch puts forward, and which President Cleveland makes the basis of the most astounding proposal, perhaps, that has ever been advanced by any government, in time of peace, since the days of Napoleon. . . . It is impossible to admit that the interests of the United States are affected by every frontier dispute between our colonies and their neighbors, and that therefore the right of imposing arbitration in every case of the kind must be conceded." I quote from the *Times* of the 18th of December, the day after the publication of President Cleveland's message; I might quote from almost any other English newspaper of that date. The universal opinion in this country at the time was that the claims advanced by Mr. Olney were a great innovation. And what Lord Salisbury said last autumn, what nine out of ten intelligent Englishmen said last winter, what a number of the most learned and authoritative of American jurists urged as soon as they were made acquainted with the text of the secretary of state's note, competent foreign observers continue to maintain still. The best informed French and German journalists—seldom inclined to view the aspirations and pretensions of Great Britain with indulgence—declared that Lord Salisbury had the better of the argumentative duel; and, though they acknowledge the equity and prudence of the compromise which has been reached, they think it necessary to point out that it involves possibilities of considerable gravity, not merely to England and the United States, but also to the civilized world in general. The *Cologne Gazette*—echoing what is said to be the view of the Ger-

man Foreign Office—insists that a precedent has been established by the joint action of the two Anglo-Saxon powers, the effects of which are likely to be felt long after the British Guiana boundary question has been forgotten. "We wish to take the first opportunity of declaring," said the Rhenish newspaper, in an article which was reproduced with approval by the semi-official *Norddeutsche Zeitung*, "that the precedent in question is at most an English, and in no way a European, precedent." Nevertheless the German writer admits that the United States has entered upon a line of policy from which it cannot easily withdraw, and that in the future, and in the light of this Venezuela transaction, American public opinion will unhesitatingly demand the intervention of the Federal government in any dispute between an American State and a European power, whether territorial questions be involved or not. The *Temps*, which is the best instructed of French newspapers where foreign affairs are involved, writes in a similar strain. What specially concerns Frenchmen, it argues, is the countenance Great Britain has given to a novel and extreme deduction from the Monroe Doctrine:—

Ainsi, du consentement exprès du Royaume-Uni, le gouvernement de Washington se verra investi du droit de s'immiscer dans toute querelle territoriale entre une puissance européenne et un Etat du nouveau monde. Il obtiendra le droit de se porter fort, même sans mandat exprès, pour l'un de ses clients. Il pourra, d'accord avec la puissance européenne engagée dans le litige, mais sans l'intervention de l'Etat américain pue représente l'autre partie, régler souverainement le mode, les conditions, la forme et le fonds de la solution destinée à mettre fin au conflit.

Ce sont là de bien grosses innovations en matière de droit international. Elles consacrent la suprématie absolue des Etats-Unis dans leur hémisphère.

There can be no doubt that these French and German publicists are right. Great changes in the relations of



the European powers towards the States of the American continent, and in the relations of those States to one another, have been produced by the assertion on one side, and the admission, at least in part, on the other, of that new and enlarged version of the Monroe principle, which may be conveniently known as the Olney Doctrine.

This doctrine is embodied in the despatch, so often referred to, of the 20th of July, 1895, emphasized and clinched in Mr. Cleveland's famous message to Congress. The despatch is a very verbose, voluminous, and elaborate document, couched in a rhetorical style such as is not commonly employed in formal state papers. But though its argument is loose and its phraseology singularly wanting in scientific precision, its general meaning is clear enough. To put it briefly Mr. Olney's main propositions are that "American questions are for American decision;" that no European power has the right to intervene forcibly in the affairs of the continent, or to seek territorial extension at the expense of any existing American state; that the United States, owing to its superior size and power, is the protector and champion of all other American nations; and that it has the right and duty to intervene in all territorial disputes in the Western Hemisphere, whether such disputes directly affect its interests or not. These propositions are deduced from a variety of general statements of principle, some of which are of a very remarkable and original character, such for instance as the axiom that "permanent political union between a European and an American State is unnatural and inexpedient" Lord Salisbury, as the representative of an empire which includes Canada, thought it necessary to place on record his "emphatic denial" of this extraordinary proposition, and of many other statements of fact and theories of politics which Mr. Olney's despatch contained; nor did he assent to the state secretary's view that "American questions are for American decision," or concede that general right of intervention in the affairs of the continent which the United States government claimed.

But in that strangely confused and indefinite system which is called International Law, acts go for more than words. If the jurist will be able to turn to the cogent piece of argument in which Lord Salisbury dismissed the new interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, the statesman will point to the fact that the government over which Lord Salisbury presided did eventually comply with the cardinal demand this new interpretation embodied. Whatever we may think of Mr. Olney's historical and juristical generalizations, we cannot deny that her Majesty's government has admitted his two main assertions of practical policy. His long despatch "bolls down" to this: the general right of the United States to intervene in American disputes in order to secure that they shall be solved by methods which the government of the Union considers just and equitable. When the two secretaries of state come to close quarters in their despatches, the argument really turns on this point. You have only the right to intervene on *any* question which affects your interests, said Lord Salisbury, whether the question be in America or elsewhere. You may interfere between Venezuela and British Guiana it is true, but merely on the same grounds as you might have interfered, if you had thought proper, between China and Japan. Not at all, said Mr. Olney; we are not bound to consider whether we have special interests in the matter. The United States may intervene because it is the United States—"not simply by reason of its high character as a civilized State, nor because wisdom and justice and equity are the invariable characteristics of the dealings of the United States;" but also because, "In addition to all other grounds, its infinite resources, combined with its isolated position, render it master of the situation." In other words, the United States being by far the largest and the strongest of American powers, definitely asserts its right to a paramount control of the states-system of the continent. And this claim, it must be repeated, Lord Salisbury has conceded. No one has been able to show that any



special interests of the United States have been involved, or that the republic is more directly affected by the Guiana boundary question than Mexico or Peru, or any other American State. If we have recognized the American claim to determine this dispute, without the invitation of one disputant, and over the head of the other, it is an admission of the political hegemony of the United States in the two Americas. The precedent has been established which it is the chief object of the Olney Doctrine to set up.

It may be said that this precedent is not binding in the tribunal of diplomacy. As I have just shown French and German protests have already been issued, and it will be open to any foreign government, if the occasion should arise, to declare that the general system of international law cannot be modified by a private arrangement between two powers. But if the civilized world is not committed to the fundamental article of the new doctrine, the United States is; and that is the true importance of the matter. We have seen how President Monroe's message—which was in fact a purely academic commentary on events, not followed, or intended to be followed, by definite action—has become an inseparable part of the public policy of the United States, and has assumed in the eyes of American citizens a sanctity almost equal to that of the Constitution itself. Probably the same weight of authority will not attach to the policy laid down by President Cleveland and Mr. Olney. But authority it will have; the authority of an accomplished fact, and the authority of a successful vindication of a principle which could not be consequently abandoned without some appearance of humiliation. America is a democratic country, in which the sovereign is an electorate keenly alive to the national dignity and impulsively quick to resent any sacrifice of the national honor. Nothing helps a party in difficulties more than a show of spirit in foreign affairs, nor injures it worse than any suspicion of weakness or pusillanimity. What has been gained by the assertion of the Olney Doctrine

cannot be lost. Successive secretaries and presidents must take care that this high-water mark is not obliterated, if indeed it is not pushed further outwards. One would not give much for the political fortunes of an American statesman, who let it be known that he thought the precedent of 1896 was a mistake, and that he saw no reason why American questions should be reserved for American decision, or why a dispute between two powers, neither of which approached to within many hundreds of miles of the United States, could not be left to settle itself without calling for the intervention of Washington. No politician could now say that; no party could afford to support him if he did. The United States is practically bound to intervene as protector, champion, and judge in equity whenever territorial changes on the American continent are contemplated, or the rights of an American state are menaced; to intervene by diplomacy if that will suffice, by fleets and armies if it will not.

It is not the object of these few pages to discuss the wisdom or justice of this new policy, but merely to point out that new it is and that it must carry with it new, and weighty, consequences. Many Englishmen will feel a good deal of sympathy with the spirit that animates it. The violent language of Mr. Olney's note, its fulsome and excessive laudation of the United States, its contemptuous disregard of the susceptibilities of other great nations, and its glaring misrepresentations of fact and history, caused natural offence in this country. Behind, however, its extravagances and perversities there lies a sentiment for which, even in its audacity, Englishmen must feel a certain respect. "We are the 'biggest' and also the best power in America, and we mean not merely to 'boss the show,' but to see that the show is run upon the lines we approve. We are Republicans, and we think everybody else ought to be Republicans, because that is the best form of government, and makes people more virtuous than any other."<sup>1</sup> We

<sup>1</sup> "The people of the United States have a vital interest in the cause of popular self-government.

don't want European influence or European political methods here. We intend to keep America for the Americans, and make all the peoples of the continent work up to the standard set by ourselves. Therefore no fresh European powers are to get a hand in, and those that are in already are to be cleared out as soon as convenient." Mr. Olney does not quite say this, but it is what his arguments really mean. And if the end could be attained, if it were possible to keep the New World free from the strife, the ambitions, the wearing intrigues, the jealous rivalries, the burden of armaments, the constant dread, and sometimes the awful reality, of war, which have saddened the Old—what Englishman would seek to put obstacles in the way of realizing the comfortable dream? By all means, he would say, let the Americans try the experiment. Only, from the depth of an Old-World experience that ranges over two thousand years of fierce conflict among the nations, he may be permitted to remind Americans that the experiment is no cheap and easy one. It will need something more than large words and elevated sentiments to carry it to a successful conclusion.

Even in embarking upon the modified form of this enterprise which I take to be implied in the Olney Doctrine, the United States has saddled itself with a vast addition to its burdens and its duties. It has asserted—successfully asserted—for itself a claim to be the general protector and arbiter of the American continent. The responsibility thus assumed is a heavy one. Nothing like it has existed in the world since the downfall of the Roman Empire. Many powerful modern States have exercised a hegemony, or supremacy, over independent, civilized neighbors; but no other has yet attempted to regulate the affairs of a whole quarter of the habitable globe, or to make itself answerable for a large number of separate States, many of them of enormous extent, and some of them hun-

. . . They believe it to be for the healing of all nations, and that civilization must either advance or retrograde according as its supremacy is extended or curtailed."—*Mr. Olney's Despatch.*

dreds or even thousands of miles distant from its own frontiers. The continent of America is not like Africa. It is not a no-man's land, inhabited by masterless savages. Except the white desolate wastes of the far North, where the continent breaks up among the Polar seas, and a comparatively insignificant tract in the extreme South, all America—North, Central, and South—is, nominally at least, subject to the rule of some organized government recognized by the family of nations, and administered by men of European blood, professing the Christian religion. Whatever may be the actual facts, in theory, and in the view of international law, the other governments of the Americas have as much right to call themselves civilized, and to claim all the immunities and prerogatives of civilization, as that of Washington itself; and some at least of their States have existed, under settled rule, as dependencies of European powers, as long as the United States or longer. Nor are these groups of countries, which are henceforth to consider themselves under the tutelage of the republic, insignificant in resources, or in the possibilities of future wealth and greatness. The Union, it is true, is a mighty realm, with its seventy millions of people, its vast area of fertile and temperate land, its abounding prosperity, and its magnificent industrial development. Few Englishmen would be inclined to underrate the power and the splendor of the noblest of the daughter States which have sprung from the womb of the Mother of Nations. But the tall shadow of the republic has perhaps unduly dwarfed the proportions of others who share with it the heritage of the Western world. We need not forget that alongside the United States there lies a country, still under the Imperial crown of Britain, which may also be called great, in all the elements that make for greatness, except an abundant population; and even that may come before long. In thirty years' time the Dominion of Canada may have grown into a nation with ten or fifteen millions of people, mostly of British descent: a nation large enough to claim its right to be treated

on terms of political equality with any neighbor, however populous and powerful. And if we leave Canada out of account, the republics of South America and Central America are not so unimportant that their political control can be easy, even for a country so vigorous and powerful as the United States. Mismanaged as it has been by bad government, and retarded in its material development by war, bankruptcy, slavery, and revolution, there is the possibility of a great future before Spanish and Portuguese America. Great, in certain ways, it is already. Mexico has a population of ten millions, and an area equal to all the countries of western Europe together; Brazil is larger than Europe, and larger than the United States, excluding Alaska; the Argentine Republic has fertile land enough to support the combined population of England, France, and Germany; and even the smaller republics of the North are larger than most European monarchies. These States are not merely huge tracts of uninhabitable desert, like that immense blank area of "light soil" which makes French Africa fill so much space on the map. Nearly the whole of South and Central America is well watered, and it is lavishly endowed by nature with vegetable and mineral wealth; a considerable portion has a climate which does not forbid settlement by men of the Caucasian race. Of this splendid slice of the earth's surface much is still almost virgin to the foot of man. The immense dominion which is called Brazil has only fourteen millions of inhabitants, including negroes and Indians. The Argentine is less populous than Belgium. Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, even Peru and Chili, are still only half-explored lands. Who can doubt that these vast expanses of fruitful soil cannot be left forever to a handful of traders and political adventurers in a few ports and capitals, and to sparse agricultural settlements round the rim of the coast and along the lower course of the great rivers? And who can fail to believe that as South America fills up its haphazard political arrangements, its accidental and unnatural geographical distribution

will be altered? The future history of the continent is likely to be more adventurous than its past. New states will be created; the old ones will fall to pieces; there must be convulsions and cataclysms, and probably a struggle for territory, which cannot well be otherwise than violent. There is another point worth considering, though strangely little attention has been bestowed on it in this country. When the reconstruction of South America begins, it will be difficult to exclude the European nations from a share in the scramble. Some of them may be drawn into it by the natural evolution of events and probably very much against their will. But then the countries of Europe are full, and over full; their surplus population is brimming over into the other quarters of the world; cupidity, industrial enterprise, the desire to gain the necessities of life on easier terms than they can be got in comparatively poor countries not fitted to sustain a large population from their own resources, are driving them to the outermost parts of the world, in numbers larger than ever.

Rhene or the Danaw from their populous sands

poured upon the fields of Italy. The problem is really less interesting for us than for some others. Within the limits of the empire there is good land enough to hold the increase of the British Isles for a hundred years to come. But the German, the Belg'ian, the Austrian, the Italian, the Alsatian, the Slavonian, the Scandinavian, pressed abroad by ambition or sheer hunger—where are they to go? At present they go mostly to the United States; but the United States is not anxious to have them, and will not take them much longer. There is Africa; but Africa is already a failure, since it begins to be plain that the amount of land suited for settlement is strictly limited and a very large part of all that is worth having is in the possession of a power which cannot be deprived of its dependencies till the strongest navy in the world has been mastered. What every European State wants is a colony capable of sustaining

in comfort a few millions of its own people. It is not at all improbable that Germany, for instance, will find such a colony in southern Brazil, and Italy on the Rio Plata. Let us suppose—not an extravagant supposition—that some time in the early part of the next century a couple of millions of Germans find themselves living in southern Brazil, and that they also find the government of a gang of half-caste attorneys and political adventurers at Rio Janeiro no longer tolerable. The Utlanders revolt and are beaten; they appeal to their own government for protection and annexation. What will the United States do? It might annex South Brazil, or all Brazil, itself; or it might merely signify that the Monroe Doctrine, with its authorized glosses, required it to warn off Germany, and leave the inhabitants of Brazil to fight out the question among themselves. In the former case it would have acquired a Territory or a new State, of enormous extent, inhabited by an alien race, separated from the rest of the Union by hundreds of miles of sea and land, and needing a military force, much larger than the whole of the present United States army, to police and protect it. In the other case, the civilizing mission of the United States, of which Mr. Olney speaks, might be fulfilled by consigning a nobly fertile region and an industrious population to some such welter of anarchy and murderously savage warfare as that which devastated Paraguay and almost exterminated its male inhabitants thirty years ago. There is another alternative. It is conceivable that even the prestige of the United States might not be sufficient to induce a powerful European monarchy to abandon a large population of its own subjects without a struggle; and if the United States declined to annex Brazil, Germany might take some forcible action which would effectually impede that American State from "shaping for itself its own political fortunes and destinies." But this would be "antagonizing the interests and inviting the opposition of the United States," and according to the Olney Doctrine would have to be opposed by

the forces of the Union. Whichever alternative is taken the result would involve an addition to the external responsibilities, and an increase of the warlike resources, of the United States.

This last result seems to be inevitable. No nation can expect to take over the political control of an entire continent, to make itself answerable for permanently maintaining the existing geographical divisions of a group of States so large and (in some cases) so distant as those of the two Americas, and to secure the integrity against colonization, annexation, or other forcible intrusion, of territories at once so tempting, so weak, and in such a condition of economic and industrial infancy, without being in a position to give effect to its wishes. If the scramble for South America once begins, neither the latent resources nor the moral influence of the United States will avail to protect its clients without the display of effective material strength. The republic will be compelled to provide itself with some of those burdensome appendages to political predominance, under which the peoples of this continent have suffered. Amateur diplomatists may contrive to conduct the external affairs of a nation which is seldom called upon to concern itself with what happens beyond its own borders; they will require to be replaced by an elaborately (and expensively) trained staff of experts. Both the army and the navy must be brought a good deal closer to the European standard. A levy of militiamen and civilian volunteers can no more be relied upon to furnish a completely equipped army corps for service in South America than a fleet of cruisers can be safely left to face a squadron of battleships. President Cleveland has at last provided the United States with a definite and positive foreign policy. It will remain for President Cleveland's successors to supply the country with the means of adequately discharging the responsibilities which this policy necessarily involves. The old Monroe Doctrine was one of self-centred isolation. A country, which aimed as far as possible at having no political relations with foreign States, could almost dis-

pense with the luxury of fleets and armies. But the New Monroe Doctrine (which in some respects is rather the antithesis than the legitimate development of its predecessor) cannot assuredly be maintained unless the citizens of the republic are prepared to endure burdens and incur obligations from which hitherto they have been enviably free.

SIDNEY LOW.

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From Temple Bar.

A FREAK OF CUPID.

CHAPTER V.

Courthope had struck across to the main road at right angles to the poplar avenue. The poplars stood slim, upright, more like a stiff and regular formation of feathery seaweed growing out of a frozen ocean than like trees upon a plain. He was nearing a grove of elm and birch which he had not seen the evening before; by the almost hidden rails of the fence there were half-buried shrubs. So dry, so hard, so absolutely without bud or sere leaf was the interlacing outline of the trees and shrubs, that they too seemed to be some strange product of this new sort of ocean; they did not remind him of verdant glades. Not that beauty was absent, nor charm, but the scene was strange, very strange; the domain of the laughing princess, on whom he had turned his back, was, in the daylight, more than ever an enchanted land which he could fancy to be unknown in story and until now unexplored by man. Such ideas only came to him by snatches; the rest of him, mind and body, was summed up in a fierce determination to catch the thief and bring back his spoils. Whether by this he would prove himself honest or guilty, he neither knew nor felt that he cared.

Gradually, as he thought less about his snow-shoes, he found that the wide lateral swing which he had been giving to his leg was unnecessary. Strange as it seemed, the large rackets did not inter-

fere when he took an ordinary step. Having made this pleasant discovery he quickened speed. He did not know whether the girl had stopped laughing and had gone into the house again, but he knew that the falling snow and the branches of the trees must now hinder her from seeing him distinctly.

In a moment he was glad of this, for, becoming incautious, he fell.

Both arms, put out to save himself, were embedded to the very shoulder straight down in the snow that offered no bottom to his touch; when his next impulse was to move knees and feet he found that the points of his snow-shoes were dug deep, and his toes, tied to them, held the soles of his feet in the same position.

What cursed temerity had made him confess to a criminal act in order to be allowed to come on this fool's errand? Fool, indeed, had he been to suppose that he could walk upon a frozen cloud without falling through! Such were Courthope's reflections.

By degrees he got himself up, but only by curling himself round and taking off his snow-shoes. By degrees he got the snow-shoes put on again, and mounted out of the hole which he had made, with snow adhering to all his garments and snow melting adown his neck and wrists. He now realized that he had spent nearly half an hour in walking not a quarter of a mile. With this cheerless reflection as a companion he went doggedly on, choosing now the drifted main road for a path.

Having left behind him the skeleton forms of the trees, he was trudging across an open plain, flat almost as the surface of the lake which he had traversed yesterday. Sometimes the fences at the side of the road were wholly hidden, more often they showed the top of their posts or upper bar; sometimes he could see cross-fences, as if outlining fields, so that he supposed he still walked through lands farmed from the lonely stone house, that he was still upon his lady's domain. He meditated upon her, judging that she was sweet beyond compare, although why he thought so, after her mistrust and



derision, was one of those secrets which the dimpled Cupid only could explain. He was forced to acknowledge the fact that thus he did think, and that here he was walking, whither he hardly knew, battling with the gale, hustled roughly by its white wings, in danger at every turn of falling off the two small moving rafts of his shoes into a sea in which no man could swim very long. He wondered, should his snow-shoes break, if he would be able to flounder to the rim of the fence? How long could he sit there? Certainly it would seem, looking north and south, and east and west, that he would need to sit as long as the life in him might endure the frost.

At length a shed or small barn met his eye. His own approach seemed to have been heard and answered from within; the neigh of a horse greeted him. At first he supposed that some horses belonging to the house were stabled here, and neglected because the roads were impassable; then he judged that so slight a shed could not be intended for a stable.

He answered the animal's cry by seeking the door. Against it the drift was not deep, for, as it opened on the sheltered side, he had only the snow-fall to scrape away. The door, which had very recently been freed from its crust of frost, yielded easily. He found a brown shaggy horse tied within, and beside it a sleigh, such as he had frequently seen, a mere platform of wood upon runners. Otherwise the shed was empty. Courthope was quickly struck by the recognition of something which set his memory working. The old buffalo-skin on the sleigh was such as was common, but the way it was stretched upon a heap of sacks made him remember the sleigh that he had yesterday passed upon the river, and the keen, sinister face of the driver, which had ill contrasted with his apparent sleep and stupidity.

Courthope tossed aside the skin with a jerk. A rum bottle, a small hoard of frozen bread and bacon, a heavy blanket folded beneath, all seemed to

prove that the driver had made provision for a longer journey. The horse had no food before it; no blanket was upon its back. Probably its driver had not intended to leave it here so long. Where was the driver? This quickly became in Courthope's mind the all important question. Why had he been skulking on the most lonely part of the lake? And now, recalling again the man's face, he believed that he had an evil design.

Courthope pursued his way; for, whether the thief had gone farther or remained in this vicinity, it was evidently desirable to have help from the nearest neighbors to seek and capture him. Courthope soon reached what seemed to be a dip or hollow in the plain; in this the wind had been very busy levelling the surface with the higher ground. At first he supposed that, for some reason, road and fences had come to an abrupt ending; then he discovered that he merely walked higher above the natural level. The thought came to him that if here he should break his snow-shoes there would not even be the neighboring fence-top on which to perch and freeze.

Suddenly all his attention was concentrated upon a dark something, like a bit of cloth fallen in the snow. As he came close and touched the cloth he found it to be the covering of a basket almost buried; pushing away the snow-crusted covering and feeling with eager fingers among the icy contents, he quickly knew that this was no other than the stolen silver of which he was in quest. A thrill of gratitude to Fortune for so kindly a freak had hardly passed through his mind before his eye sought a depression in the snow just beyond. He saw now that a man was lying there. The head resting upon an arm was but slightly covered with snow; the whole form had sunk by its own heat into a cavity like a grave.

Courthope lifted the head; the face was that of the man whom he had seen yesterday upon the river. The arms, when he raised them, fell again to the snow like lead, yet he perceived that



life was not extinct. Even in the frost the odor of rum was to be perceived, and breath, although so feeble as to be unseen, still passed in and out of the tightly-drawn nostrils. The touch that would have been reverent to a corpse was now rough. He shook the fallen man and shouted. He raised him to a sitting posture, but finding that, standing as he did upon soft snow, to lift him was impossible, he laid him again in the self-made grave. That posture at least would be most conducive to the continued motion of the heart.

Standing upon the other side of the body, Courthope's shoe struck upon another hard object which he found to be a case, stolen locked as it was, which contained, no doubt, the other valuables whose loss Madge had first discovered. The wretch, weighted by a burden in each hand, had apparently missed his way when endeavoring to return to the shed in which he had left his horse, and wandering in circles, perhaps for hours, had evidently succumbed to drink and to cold, caught as in a trap by the unusual violence of the storm.

There was nothing to be done but return to the house for Morin's aid, and, lifting the handles of basket and case in either hand, Courthope doubled back upon his own track, thankful that he had already attained to some skill in snow-shoeing. As he neared the house his heart beat high at the excitement of seeing Madge's delight. He closely scanned the windows, even the tiny windows in the pointed tin roof, but no eager eyes were on the lookout.

Loudly he thumped upon the heavy front door. There was somewhat of a bustle inside at the knock. The snow-bound household collected quickly at the welcome thought of a message from the outside world. When the door was opened Madge and the Morins were there to behold Courthope carrying the plunder. He perceived at once that his guilt, if doubted before, was now proved beyond all doubt. There was a distinct

measure of reserve in the satisfaction they expressed. Madge especially was very grave, with a strong flavor of moral severity in her words and demeanor.

Courthope explained to her that the other man was dying in the snow, that if his life was to be saved no time must be lost. She repeated the story in French to Morin, and thereupon arose high words from the Frenchman. Madge looked doubtfully at Courthope, and then she interpreted.

It seemed that the Frenchman's desire was to put him out again and lock up the house, leaving the two accomplices to shift for themselves as best they might. Courthope urged motives of humanity. He described the man and his condition.

At length he prevailed. Madge insisted that if Morin did not go she would. In a few moments both she and Morin were preparing to set out.

It seemed useless for Courthope to precede them; he went into the dining-room, demanding food of Madame Morin.

He found that Eliz had been carried down and placed in her chair in the midst of domestic activities.

As soon as she spied him, being in a nervous, hysterical state, she opened her mouth and shrieked sharply; the shriek at this time had more the tone of a child's anger than of a woman's fear. With a strong sense of humor he sat down at the table, and she, realizing that he was not immediately dangerous, railed upon him.

"Viper in the bosom!" said Eliz.

Courthope, almost famished, ate fast.

"Daughter of the horse-leech crying 'give,' and sucking blood from the hand it gives!" she continued.

"Sir Charles Grandison would never have kicked a man when he was down," he said. "He would have tried to do good even to the viper he had nourished."

The memory of Sir Charles's well-known method even with the most villainous, appeared to distract her attention for a moment.

"And then they all sent for him and confessed and made amends, just as I have done," Courthope went on; but the fact that a laugh was gleaming in his eyes enraged the little cripple.

"How dare you talk to me, sitting there pretending to be a gentleman!"

"I would rather be allowed to make a better toilet if my reputation were to rest upon a pretence. I never heard of a gentlemanly villain who went about without collar and cuffs, and had not been allowed access to his hair-brush."

"A striped jacket and shaved head is generally what he goes about in after he's unmasked. If I had been Madge I would not have let you off."

"Come, remember how sorry Elizabeth Bennett was when she found she had given way to prejudice. If I remember right she lay awake many nights."

"Are you adding insult to injury by insinuating that either of us might bestow upon you—"

"Oh! certainly not, I merely wish to suggest that a young lady possessing lively talents and 'remarkably fine eyes' might yet make great mistakes in her estimate of the masculine character."

The cripple, who perhaps had never before heard her one beautiful feature praised by masculine lips, was obliged to harden herself.

"Accomplished wretch!" she cried in accents worthy of an irate Pamela.

"Do you suppose it was the last time I was serving my term in gaol that I read our favorite novels?" he asked.

By this time Morin had passed out of the door to put on his snow-shoes, and Courthope, who had swallowed only as much food as was necessary to keep him from starvation, turned out to repeat the process of putting on his, this time more deftly.

Morin had a toboggan upon which were piled such necessities as Madge had collected. They began their march three abreast into the storm.

They went a long way without conversation, and yet Courthope found in

this march keen enjoyment. His heart was absurdly light. To have performed so considerable a service for Madge, now to be walking beside her on an errand of mercy, was as much joy as the present hour could hold.

It was difficult for him to keep up with the others, yet in doing so there was the pleasure of the athlete in having acquired a new mastery over his muscles; and the fascination of being at home in the snow as a sea-bird is at home in the surf, which is the chief element of delight in all winter sports, was his for the first time. With the drunken wretch who was almost frozen he felt small sympathy, but he had the sense that all modern men have on such occasions, that he ought to be concerned, which kept him grave.

The other two were not light-hearted. Morin, dragging the toboggan behind him and walking with his grey head bent forward to the gale, was sullen at being driven in the service of thieves; afraid lest some sinister design was still intended, he cast constant glances of cunning suspicion at Courthope. As for Madge, she appeared grave and preoccupied beyond all that was natural to her, suffering, he feared, from the pain of her first disillusionment. This was a suffering that he was hardly in a position to take seriously, and yet his heart yearned over her. He thought also that she was pondering over the problem of her next responsibility, and the evidence of this came sooner than he had expected.

When they got to the place where his first track diverged straight to the shed, she and Morin stopped to exchange remarks; they evidently perceived in this the clearest evidence of all against him. Had he not gone straight to the place where the accomplice had agreed to wait? Then Madge fell back a little to where he was now plodding in the rear. She accosted him in the soft tones that had from the first so charmed him, contrasting with her sister's voice as the tones of a reed-pipe contrast with

those from metal, or as the full voice of the cuckoo with the shrill chirp of the sparrow. The soft voice was very serious, the manner more than sedate, the words studied.

"I am afraid that nothing that I can say will persuade you to alter a way of life which you seem to have chosen, but it seems to me very sad that one of your ability should so degrade himself."

She stopped for a little gasp of breath, as if frightened at her own audacity. Her manner and phrases were an evident imitation of the way in which she had heard advice bestowed upon vagrant or criminal by the benevolent judge whose memory she so tenderly cherished. It was second nature to her to act as she fancied he would have acted. Courthope composed himself to receive the judicial admonition with becoming humility; his whole sympathy was with her, his mind was aglow with the quaint humor of it.

"You must know," rebuked Madge, "how very wrong it is; and it is not possible that you could have difficulty in getting some honest employment."

"It is very kind of you to interest yourself in me." He kept his eyes upon the ground.

"I do not know, of course, what led you to begin a life of crime, or in what way you found out what houses in this country were worth robbing, but I fear you must have led a wicked life for a long time" (she was very severe now). "You are young yet; why should you carry on your nefarious schemes in a new country, where, if you would, you could easily reform?" (Again a little gasp for breath.) "I have promised to let you go without giving you into the hands of the law. I am afraid I did, a selfish and weak thing, because others may suffer from your crimes, and I wish you could take this opportunity, which my leniency gives you, and try to reform before you have lost your reputation as well as your character."

"It is very kind of you," he murmured again; and still as he walked

he looked upon his feet. He had no thought now of again denying his guilt; having denied and, as she thought, confessed, he felt that to change once more would only evoke her greater scorn. "Let be," his heart said. "Let come what will, I will not confuse her further to-day."

#### CHAPTER VI.

They passed the shed, making a straight march, as swift as might be, for the fallen man; but before they reached him they saw some one coming, a black, increasing form in the snowy distance. Morin hesitated. If the thief had arisen, strong and able-bodied, it was clear that they had again been tricked for an evil purpose. Even Madge looked alarmed, and they both together raised a halloo in the *patois* of the region. The answer that came across the reach of the storm cheered them.

The new-comer, a messenger from the nearest village, became voluble as soon as he was within speaking distance. He addressed Madge in broken English, but so quickly and with so strong a French accent that Courthope only gathered part of his errand. He had come, it seemed, from the step-mother to tell something concerning a certain Xavier, who had been sent to them the evening before. Before he had finished calling, Madge and Morin had come to the place where the thief lay, and, looking down upon him, Madge gave a little cry.

The new-comer came up. He looked as if he might be of the grade of a notary's clerk or a country chemist. He did not seem surprised to see who the man was. He began at once with great activity to chafe his hands and face with handfuls of the snow. Madge and Morin were also active with the restoratives. The thief was lifted and laid upon the toboggan. They trod the snow all about to know that nothing remained, and found only a corkless flask containing a few drops of rum. They were all so busy that Courthope had little to do; he stood aside, wondering above all at the way

they rubbed the man with the snow, and at the astonishment that Madge expressed. The stranger was very nimble and very talkative; pouring out words now in French to Madge, he walked with her in all haste to the shed from which the horse again whinnied. Morin, awakening to a sense of urgency, started at a trot, dragging the toboggan behind him; it sank heavily in snow so light. Courthope lent a hand to the loop of rope by which it was drawn. He too essayed the trot of the Canadian. He was growing proficient, and if he did not succeed in keeping up the running pace, he managed to go more quickly than before. They made fair progress. Looking back, Courthope saw Madge and the stranger emerge upon the road with the little horse. He had not time to look back often to see how they helped it to make its way. They were still some distance behind when he and Morin reached the house.

The man called Xavier was carried into the kitchen amid wild exclamations from the Morin women. As they all continued the work of restoring him with a hearty good-will and an experience of which Courthope could not boast, he was glad to betake himself to his own room, wondering whether he was now a thief or a gentleman in the eyes of this small snow-bound world. There was, in any case, no one at leisure to prohibit him from making free with his own possessions.

When he was dressed a certain shyness prohibited him from entering the dining-room in which he heard Madge, Eliz, and the stranger talking French together. He betook himself to the library, to the letters of the Portuguese nun and an easy-chair. They might oust him with severity, but it was as well to enjoy a short interval of luxury. The room was warmed with a stove; the book was in the old-fashioned type; an almost sleepless night was behind him; soon he slept.

It was almost midday when he slept. the afternoon was advancing when he awakened. Madame Morin was stand-

ing beside him arranging a tray of food upon the table.

"Eh!" she said, and smiled upon him.

Then she pointed to the food, and demanded in pantomime if it suited him. Courthope concluded that he had ceased to be in disgrace. He would rather, much rather, have been summoned to a family meal, but that was not his lot. He had taken many things with philosophy in the course of the recent hours and he took this also. What right had he to intrude himself? He ate his meal alone. His roving glance soon brought him pleasure for he found that some one had tip-toed into the room while he slept and laid the choicest volume of romance near his chair.

The wind had dropped, the snow had ceased falling. Before Courthope had finished his luncheon the young man who looked like a notary's clerk came in, using his broken English. He remarked that the storm was over and that they were now going to get out a double-team to plough through the road. He suggested that Courthope should help him to drive it, and to transport the prisoner to the gaol in the village. One man must be left to protect the young ladies and the house; one man must help him with the team and its burden. The speaker shrugged his shoulders, suggesting that it would be more suitable for Morin to remain, and said that for his part he would be much obliged and honored if Courthope would accompany him. Here some plain and easy compliments were thrown in about Courthope's strength and the generous activity he had displayed, but not a word concerning his temporary disgrace; if this man knew of it he did not regard it as of any importance.

He was a matter-of-fact young man, not much interested in Courthope as a stranger, immensely interested in the fact of the theft and all that concerned it. At the slightest question he poured out excited information. Xavier had been a servant in the house. Mrs. King, who was religious and

zealous, had found in him a convert. He had become a Protestant to please her. (At this point the narrator shrugged his shoulders again.) Then Xavier had asked higher wages; upon that there was a quarrel, and he had left.

The speaker's scanty English was of the simplest. He said, "Xavier is a very bad man, much worse than our people usually are. This winter he went to the city and got his wits sharpened, and when he came back he made a scheme. He sent word to Mrs. King that his old father was dying and would like to be converted, too. Mrs. King travels at once with a horse and the strongest servant-man. The old father takes a long time to die, so Xavier comes here yesterday to say she will stay all night; but when he did not come back, his wife she got frightened, and she told that the old man was not going to die, that she was afraid there was a scheme. Now we have Xavier very safe. He may get five years."

Upon Courthope's inquiring after the health of the thief, he was told that beyond being severely frostbitten he was little the worse. He was again drunk with the stimulants that the Morins had poured down his throat. The visitor ended the interview by saying that if Courthope would be good enough to drive the team through the drifts, his own horse and sleigh would be sent after him the next day. Courthope inquired what was the wish of the young mistress of the house. The other replied that mademoiselle approved of his plan. It was evident that poor Madge was no longer the mistress; the clerk was an emissary of Mrs. King's and as such he had taken the control. Still, as he seemed an amiable and capable person, Courthope fell in with his suggestion, inwardly vowing that soon of some domain, if not of this one, Madge should again be queen.

Courthope received a message to the effect that the young ladies wished to see him. There was something in the formal wording of this message, com-

ing after his solitary meal, which made him know that they were ill at ease, that they had taken their mistake more deeply to heart than he would have wished. He had no sooner entered the room where Madge stood than he wished he were well out of it again, so far did his sympathy with her discomfort transcend his own pleasure at being in her presence.

Madge stood, as upon the first night, behind her sister's chair. Eliz looked frightened and excited, yet as half enjoying the novel excitement. Madge, pale-faced and distressed, showed only too plainly that she had need of all the courage she possessed to lift her eyes to his. Yet she was not going to shirk her duty; she was going to make her apology, and the apology of the household, just as the judge, her father, would have wished to have it made.

It was a little speech, conned beforehand, which she spoke—a quaint mixture of her own girlish wording and the formal phrases which she felt the occasion demanded. Courthope never knew precisely what she said. His feelings were up and in tumult, like the winds on a gusty day, and he was embarrassed for her embarrassment while he smiled for the very joy of it all.

Madge confessed with grief that Eliz had mistaken Xavier for Courthope. She said the man from the village had shown them what folly it was to suppose that the gentleman could be Xavier's accomplice. She begged that same gentleman's pardon very humbly. At the end he heard some words faltered; she wished it was in their power "to make any amends."

Almost before she ceased speaking he took up the word, and his own voice sounded to him merry and bold in comparison with her soft, distressful speech; but he could not help that, he must speak with such powers as nature gave him.

"There are two ways by which you can make amends, and first I would beg that none of our friends who were here last night should be told of it. I



should not like to think that Emma and Elizabeth, and Evelina or Marlanna Alcoforado should ever hear that I was taken for a thief."

"You are laughing at us," said Eliz sharply. "We know that you will go away and make fun of us to all your friends."

"If I do you will have one way of punishing me that would give me more pain than I could well endure, you can shut me out next time I come to ask for shelter."

"Oh, but you can't come again," said Eliz, with vibrating note of fierce discontent; "our stepmother will be here."

He looked at Madge.

"I was going to say that the other way in which you could make amends would be to give me leave to come back; and if you give me leave I will come, even if it be necessary, to that end, to get an introduction from all the clergy in Great Britain, or from the royal family."

A ray of hope shot into Madge's dark eyes, the first glimmer of a smile began to show through her distress.

"It is an old adage that 'where there is a will there is a way,' and did I not walk on your most impossible snow-shoes and bring back your silver?"

Madge looked down, a pretty red began to mantle her pale face, and, as if the angels who manage the winds and clouds did not wish that the blush of so dear a maiden should betray too much, a ray of scarlet light from the sinking sun just then came winging through the dispersing storm-clouds and caused all the white snow-world to redden, and dyed the frost-flowers on the window-pane, and, entering where the pane was bare, lit all the room with soft vermilion light. So, in the wondrous blush of the white world, the girl's cheeks glowed and yet did not confess too much.

"You will allow me to send in your compliments and inquire after Mr. Woodhouse as I pass?" This was Courthope's farewell to Eliz, and she called joyfully in reply:—

"You need not send back his mes-

sage for we shall know that they are 'all very indifferent.'"

Into the scarlet shining of the western sun, an omen of fair weather and delight, Courthope set forth again from the square tin-roofed house, "leaving," as the saying is, "his heart behind him." The large farm horses, restive from long confinement and stimulated by the frost, shook their bells with energy. The Morin women displayed such good-will and even tenderness in their attentions to the comfort of the second prisoner, in whom they had found an old friend, that, tied in a blanket and lying full length on the straw of a box-sleigh, he looked content with himself and the world, albeit he had not as yet returned from the happy roving-places of the drunken brain. The talkative clerk was glad enough to give Courthope the reins of the masterful horses; he sat on one edge of the blue-painted box and Courthope on the other; thus they started, bravely plunging into the drifts between the poplars. The drifts were all tinged with pink; the poplars, intercepting the red light upon their slender upright boughs, cast, each of them, a clear shadow that seemed to lie in endless length athwart the glowing sward.

Courthope looked back at the house which had been so dim and phantom-like the night before; the red sun lit the icicles that hung from eaves and lintels, tinged the drifts, glowed upon the windows as if with light from within, and turned the steep tin roof into a gigantic rose; but all his glance was centred upon his lady-love, who stood, regardless of the cold, at the entrance of the drift-encircled porch and watched them as long as the sunlight lay upon the land. Was she looking at the plunging sleigh and at its driver, or at the wondrous chasms of light in the rent cloud beyond? His heart told him, as he drove on into the very midst of the sunset which had embraced the glistening land, that the maid, although not regardless of the outer glory, only rejoiced to the full in its beauty because the vision of her



heart was focussed upon him. His heart, in telling him this, taught him no pride, for had he not learned in the same small space of time only to count himself rich in what she gave? And it was for this unreasonable reason that the sunset for him had greater splendor, that for the hour the hard, sad facts of wickedness and misery, even though they lay at his very feet, were as though they were not.

Slow was the progress of the great horses; they passed the grove of high elms and birches that, dressed in the snowflakes that had lodged in boughs and branches when the wind dropped, stood up clear against the gulfs of blue that now opened above and beyond. Then the house was hidden, and after that, by degrees, the light of the sunset passed away.

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From The Edinburgh Review.  
CATHOLIC MYSTICS OF THE MIDDLE  
AGES.<sup>1</sup>

There are certain terms of general classification that seem predestined to breed confusion in criticism and thought; and among these the term of Mysticism might be almost considered one of the most pre-eminently bewildering. Under the head of Mystics we find included indifferently a Sta. Teresa and a St. Francis d'Assisi, a Maeterlinck and a Paul Verlaine. The epithet, indeed, is one of those of which the significance embraces such varying characteristics that no dictionary can keep pace with the subtle developments it is perpetually acquiring. In this case, as in many another,

no effort of scientist or philosopher avails to set barriers to the fresh interpretations of ancient formulas. The friction of common use wears away old limits, and the daily language of daily life, hurrying past, confesses its poverty of invention by a constant adaptation of old verbal symbols—begged, borrowed, and stolen from the most unlikely sources—to its own immediate exigencies. Thus it is, as we all know and continually forget, that, while the diction of bygone days survives, senses utterly unfamiliar to the past attach themselves to every part of speech, making, in the matter of meanings, a recurrent game of definitions for the grammarians of each successive generation. The threefold problem of past, present, and future is always confronting us in the vocabulary of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. What did these words mean once to those in whose footprints we tread, whose voices we echo, with all that gulf of dissimilarity a lingering likeness serves to accentuate. What will they mean on the lips of those to come after us, associated with accumulated combinations of memory, recolored with the atmosphere of unborn years, when the very thoughts of which language is to-day the sign audible will have assumed aspects our fancy swerves in anticipating?

Thus, arrested by the strange riddle of that phase of human life and thought and feeling, presented in the records of those men and women of mediæval Europe to whom by common consent the name of Mystics has been specially accorded, it becomes necessary to circumscribe and restrict the designation. Further, to analyze what general quality is indicated, from this narrowed point of view, by the term recently applied, without discrimination of species, to so many forms of supernaturalism, to all systems of symbolism, and to most of the obscurer manifestations of emotional or intellectual spiritualism. To do this effectually we must in the first place divest mysticism of some of its attributes and accessories—from the

<sup>1</sup> 1. Santa Teresa: her Life and Times. By Gabriëla Cunningham Graham. 2 vols. London: 1894.

2. St. John of the Cross: Life of, and Works. "The Ascent of Mount Carmel." "The Dark Night of the Soul," etc. 2 vols. Translated by David Lewis, M.A. London: 1889, 1891.

3. Blessed Henry Suso: Life of. Related by Himself. Translated by T. F. Knox. London: 1865.

4. XVI Revelations of Julian of Norwich. Reprint. 1843.

dogmas of special sects, and from the fantastic extravagancies of special schools—with which it has been intimately connected.

That the Catholic Mystic of the West has been inseparably allied with the miracle-worker and vision-seer is undeniable. That he and his Protestant brethren, both in the portraiture of life and of fiction, are often and justly identified with the crude idea of supernaturalism—with, that is, the idea of preternatural and extraneous powers working by personal or material agencies—is equally apparent. Yet, if supernaturalism be regarded as the continent, mysticism holds within that continent a fortified rainbow country of its own. Even more, it is alleged by certain initiates that the creed of the supernaturalist is hardly consonant with that of the genuine mystic viewed in the light of later interpreters. And there is an understatement of truth in this apparent paradox, for to the mystic, although in outward substance and form his miracle or vision might be the very same as the miracle or vision of the mere supernaturalist, the cause would claim another origin. By the writers of earlier ages a clear difference was recognized between one vision and another. The external or "bodily showing," of which they speak, and which may be classed as the supernatural vision, was not confounded with the "ghostly seeing" of the understanding, albeit the same person might at one and the same time possess both faculties of vision. "All this was showed by three parts," a fourteenth-century seer says, "by bodily sight, by words formed in my understanding, and by ghostly sight." And Serenus de Cressy, the de Cressy of whom the author of "John Inglesant" has drawn a winning if not an historical portrait in the romance to which he owes his literary reputation—writes, that those visions "which were more pure, *intime*, and withal more certayne, were wrought by a divine illapse into the spiritual [as distinguished from the sensual] part of the soul." These lat-

ter constitute, strictly, the visions of mysticism.

Indeed, this pervading idea of undercurrents of life, of lives within lives, forms an elementary characteristic of the mystic's creed. What to the supernaturalist proper lies without to him lies within, and while, broadly speaking, the tendency of the supernaturalist has generally been to materialize spirit, that of the mystic has always, however unconsciously, led him to spiritualize the animal creation and to vitalize matter. Sir James Stephen, writing in this journal of St. Francis d'Assisi, makes the assertion that "each living thing was a brother or sister to him in a sense which almost ceased to be figurative. To all inanimate beings he ascribed a personality and a sentient nature in something more than a sport of fancy;" and Mrs. Graham, in her introduction to the life of Sta. Teresa, notes the naïf sympathy with nature and animal life, the community of obedience and worship, with birds, beasts, and plants, belonging to what may be called the mystic period of Sta. Teresa's order. Thus it was no fantastic childishness that impelled St. Francis to preach to *mie sirocchie*, the birds, or to undertake the conversion of such four-footed felons as the *ferocissimo lupo d' Agobio*. These legends, and they are many, embody a deep-sighted recognition of the multitudinous souls of creation, and as such are but a rational invocation to the life-created to laud and serve the life-creator, as to this day the churches sing "*Benedicite, omnia opera Domini . . .*" Later exponents of the mystic's faith have betrayed a kindred sentiment. Nature, animal and vegetable, matter itself in its most inert substances, is to the mystic so replete with dormant energies that theoretically there is little scope left for exterior interpositions. Earth, if we may so express the position, can perform her own miracles—in fact, is always performing them. Such phrases as that employed by Novallis, in whom Moravian traditions lingered, when he says that the plants are language to

the earth's thoughts, are no empty figures of speech. Life—the faith has been summarized—slept in the stones, dreamt in the plants, and awakened in man.

"That this creed is capable of being converted into an irreligious pantheism I well know," Coleridge acknowledges, referring to Tauler, the fourteenth-century Dominican, to Jacob Böhme, the Lutheran theosophist of the sixteenth, and to other teachers of German mysticism. But he confesses that their writings at once served to prevent his mind becoming imprisoned by any single dogmatic system, and kept alive, to use his graphic expression, "the heart in the head." During his wanderings in the wilderness of doubt, he adds emphatically, if they were a moving cloud of smoke by day they were always a pillar of fire by night, and by their aid he "skirted without crossing the sandy desert of unbelief."

Whatever, nevertheless, might be the intellectual doctrines of mysticism to whose instrumentality Coleridge owed redemption, it must be borne in mind that in practice and action, in countries, times, and minds where primitive supernaturalism was a dominant habit of thought, each was commonly co-existent, if not co-extensive, with the other, and that both found similar manifestations in inspired revelations and divine visions, whether the seer were a German ascetic, a heretic cobbler, or a Spanish ecstatic.

Nor is the admixture of mysticism and supernaturalism the only element of confusion in the definition of the former. At every page it is the inevitable fate of the mystic to employ the phraseology of symbolism. There is a recurrent point where the imagery by which he intends to convey the conception of an actuality is fused with the language by which he intends to convey the conception of an allegorical figure (*Wahrzeichen*). A determinate boundary line exists, as Novallis points out, to the mental capacities of definite conception, beyond which representation cannot retain strength or

form. There the utterance of the mystic becomes perforce that of the symbolist. Thus the stanzas of Fray Juan de la Cruz—a puritan among transcendentalists—are written in the language of pure similitudes. He paraphrases the apostrophes of the Song of Solomon, of Spanish serenades, of pastoral verses with equal boldness.

Where hast thou hidden Thyself  
And abandoned me in my groaning, O my  
Beloved?  
Thou hast fled like the hart,  
Having wounded me;  
I ran after thee crying; but thou wert  
gone,

are the words the saint of asceticism places in the mouth of the soul. And in another poem, when the soul sets out on her pursuit of perfection, he thus describes the search:—

In a dark night,  
With anxious love inflamed,  
O, happy lot!  
Forth unobserved I went,  
My house being now at rest  
In darkness and in safety,  
By the secret ladder, disguised.  
O, happy lot!  
In darkness and concealment  
My house being now at rest.

Or, mimicking the accent of pastoral verse:—

A shepherd is alone and in pain,  
Deprived of all pleasure and joy,  
His thoughts on his shepherdess intent,  
And his heart by love cruelly torn.

In such allegories San Juan strives, as he himself explains, to convey those meanings to the mind of his readers that common speech could not convey. On the other hand, when Henry Suso sees the Eternal Wisdom seated beside his soul, "which, leaning lovingly towards God's side, and encircled by God's arms, lay entranced," he is evidently attempting to depict what was to him an actuality of spiritual vision. The blending of either method, when the vision of the utterable passes into the vision of the unutterable, should

not, however, be suffered to blur the distinction between the attitude of the pure mystic and that of the pure symbolist. To the mere symbolist the interconnection of the emblem with that which it allegorizes is accidental, temporal, and artificial, but to the believer in the undercurrents of nature's vitalities a symbol must be more than a symbol. It must not only represent as an arbitrary cypher the spiritual object symbolized, it must have some fundamental affinity with it; it must possess some radical correspondence of life with life, permanent, essential, and vital.

Setting, however, aside this aspect of the question, it remains to solve the problem, to detect when and where the written language should be taken to represent a similitude, and when and where it must be accepted as signifying an actuality. To unravel this riddle is the thankless task of the commentators, who, each according to his own creed, adhere to the literal or the metaphorical interpretations of equivocal passages, or again explain both away.

In their simplicity of soul [Coleridge here is paraphrasing Schelling] the mystics made their words the immediate echoes of their feelings. . . . Under the excitement of grasping new and vital truths the uneducated man of genius may easily mistake the tumultuous sensations of nerve, the spectres of fancy, as parts or symbols of the truths opening upon him.

Nor to those who are careful to inquire is such a line of apology without plausibility, though San Juan de la Cruz—than whom was no more competent judge—offers a sterner solution. "Their mind and sense and feelings [of aspirants yet imperfect in the path of God] are full of fancies, whereby they very often see imaginary and spiritual visions . . . wherein the devil and their own proper fancy most frequently delude the soul." His sentence was doubtless as well merited as it was uncompromising.

Yet when every vision, every sensation, has been sifted, every inspiration analyzed, when the mystic's position has been accurately formulated, and his claims confuted or allowed, we, of the laity, may chance to feel that in matters of mysticism the critic labors but in vain. He may reduce it to a system, the "science absolument exacte," of M. Huysmans's<sup>1</sup> biographical fiction; he can supply modern synonyms of obsolete terms, and elucidate the social or historical surroundings of bygone thought; he can define its species—theopathic, theosophic or theurgic, transitive or intransitive. Nevertheless, when all is said and done, we are inclined to repudiate our obligations to the pen of the expositor, nay more, some amongst us might be well-nigh tempted to believe that we could have understood the text had it not been for the commentary!

The truth of the matter is that mysticism is rather an atmosphere than a system, if we except that anomalous school of scholastic mysticism represented in the twelfth century by Hugo de St. Victor, in the thirteenth by Bonaventura (one of whose works was translated into English verse as early as the year 1330), and by which, no doubt, San Juan de la Cruz was strongly influenced. But apart from this school, and considering mysticism from a personal point of view, it plainly belongs to that evasive part of a man's individuality that we confusedly call temperament, rather than to that more definite and self-determinative fraction we name character. Its very essence is undefinableness; it demands not an explanation but an interpretation.

Such interpretation is to be found, if anywhere, in the qualities distinguishing the Catholic mystics of earlier ages, by the study of their lives and of such writings as they themselves have bequeathed to us. Nor are these few in number or inconsiderable in bulk. In the sixteenth century Fray Juan de la Cruz, the great master of contempla-

<sup>1</sup> *En Route*, Huysmans, 1895. Paris.

tion, as well as Sta. Teresa de Jesus herself, left works adequately representative of the mystical asceticism of their day. Behind is a multitudinous company of volumes: St. Bridget<sup>1</sup> of Sweden filled many in the fourteenth century; St. Mechtild<sup>2</sup> (the saint whom German criticism has striven to identify with that Matilda of Dante's who gathering flowers by the clear stream has bewildered the commentators of the "Divine Comedy") wrote five books of spiritual grace; the Visions of B. Angela<sup>3</sup> of Foligno, taken down by her confessor, also belong to the fourteenth century. Henry Suso was author of the "Book of the Everlasting Wisdom," as well as the author—or relator—of his "Life." St. Catherine<sup>4</sup> of Siena dictated her "Ecstatic Dialogue." Juliana of Norwich, to cite those only whose works modern Catholicism has attempted to popularize, became likewise, though in different guise, what the gentle monk Blossius denominates "a secretary of God." It is a literature full of monotonous repetitions, of raptures that by force of reiteration become the very platitudes of emotion; but full also of a fantastic human interest, of a distinctive beauty of coloring, of a shadowy delicacy of perception, and moreover it possesses not seldom "a miracle and passion" of thought that not even the barbarisms of language or the rapidity of modern translation can nullify.

Of the "undaunted Daughter of Desires" commemorated by the poet Crashaw in stanzas of transcendent enthusiasm, Santa Teresa de Jesus, Mrs. Graham has given what may practically be regarded as an exhaustive account. From the first, the story of her personal life is crowded with picturesque incident, and its picturesqueness has lost nothing at the

hands of her recent biographer, whose intimate knowledge of the time and country of which she writes lend a graphic vividness to her portrayal of the persons, scenes, and surroundings of that old Spanish world.

"On Wednesday, Day of San Bertoldi of the Order of Carmelites, on the 29th day of March, 1515, at five in the morning," so runs the brief entry found after her death in Teresa's breviary, "was born Teresa de Jesus, the sinner." Daughter of an illustrious race, Teresa spent her childhood in the city of Avila. The arms of dead soldiers of her blood carved on tombs, blazoned over gateways and arches, on church pillars and in stained windows, confronted her at every turn with memories of their past achievements and of the unforgotten traditions of their fame, as she grew up in the town set amid the wild sierras of Central Spain, where the sombre dignity of mediæval Gothic stonework was mingled with the grace of Moorish arabesque. At six years old she too is inspired with dreams of glory; she

Thinks it shame

Life should so long play with that breath  
Which spent can buy so brave a death.

Taking with her a like-minded child-brother, Teresa sets out for the land of the Moors, "that so," she tells the episode in the "life" written by herself, "we might be beheaded there." The child's play of martyrdom frustrated, it was succeeded by games of make-believe hermitages built in her garden, where spiritual books are spelt over, and the refrain of eternity, "forever, forever, forever," is continually upon the lips of the two baby playmates. Thus, as in most such lives of the saints of Catholic mediævalism, the gospels of holy childhoods, embroidered with many a fable and legend, are handed down to us by their grave chroniclers, possessing, like the spurious gospels of Christ's infancy, a charm that sets sober truth at defiance. Teresa's first childhood over, the page is varied with new imaginations. Chivalrous romances supersede

<sup>1</sup> Revelations of St. Bridget (translated). London, 1874.

<sup>2</sup> Select Revelations of St. Mechtild (translated). London, 1875.

<sup>3</sup> Visions and Instructions of B. Angela of Foligno (translated). London, 1871.

<sup>4</sup> Dialogue of St. Catherine of Siena (translated). London, 1896.



spiritual studies; for rosaries and crucifix and hermitage come gay dresses and vain companionships; dreams of the world evict the dreams of immortality. But the terror of hell overtakes her renegade heart; the stern doom of sanctity has fallen upon Teresa. It was no light doom in those days, and to fulfil its obligations she must seek the rule of the cloister. The call to the religious life comes, and she obeys, but "the sharpness of sense I felt on going out of my father's house was so extreme, that I believe it will not be greater in the agony of death," she writes.

Nor, for the moment, did it seem as if the experience of that second agony would be long delayed. Maladies, the revenge, it might seem, that the soul wreaks upon the body when spirit victorious tramples the vanquished senses underfoot, take deadly hold upon the delicately nurtured frame of the girl-nun; she suffers all the tortures—racked nerves, crippled limbs, and that intense sadness which disjoins the mind and reason—that physical pain can inflict upon its victims. Yet Teresa is of the fibre that dies hard; neither the sickness nor the remedies avail wholly to kill her; and as the seasons pass by in the Convent of the Encarnacion—where twenty-five years of her life were to be spent—her health in some measure comes back, and it is her soul that suffers a relapse. In that lax social atmosphere of the unreformed convent *locutorio*, the ring of the swords and spurs of gay cavaliers mingles with the jingle of the nuns' rosaries, secular guests come and go, and Teresa, beautiful of feature, young and keen-witted, trusted by her superiors with honorable freedom, forms friendships with the world which her conscience proclaims to be enmities with God. Again conscience prevails; these vain preoccupations are abandoned. God allows no rivalry of loves, and Teresa must be not only a saint but an ascetic. A new and second birth of her soul lands her, as it were, with feet upon a new shore; she enters a region whose boundaries

she had before but faintly descried. Raptures and ecstasies, visions and illuminations succeed one to another, and the converse of angels replaces the lost comradeship of friends. "I knew not," she says, "that it was possible for one to see any one but with the eyes of the body;" but henceforth her inner eyes are open. What relation these mystic annals of Teresa's girlhood and earlier womanhood, whether written by herself or by her priest-biographers, bear to reality, it is difficult to divine. Their aim in writing does not correspond to our aim in reading, and where they are endeavoring to inscribe the life of a saint we are attempting to decipher the character of a girl. Mrs. Graham has fully appreciated, and to a great extent surmounted, the difficulty in her effort to reconcile the two—the life of the woman with keen imaginations thwarted, with vehement affections detached and human instincts broken from their earthly anchorage, and the life of the spiritual politician whose invulnerable courage and pure intention endowed her with power to revolutionize the lives of men and women, monks, nuns, courtiers, sinners, and saints who fell under her sway. From the period lying between her forty-first and forty-third years, Teresa's record as a simple religious becomes obliterated in the events of her active career of some twenty-six years; her *vie intime* of the soul becomes subordinate to the claims of practical life as the design of restoring the rule of her order to its primitive rigor rises and develops in her mind. Toil, anxiety, fame and offence, honor and strife are henceforth hers, until on the evening of an October day, in the year 1582 (the nun who had charge of the convent infirmary tells the story):—

Sitting at a low window of the room where Teresa lay, she [the narrator] heard a confused kind of noise . . . and soon after saw a great number of persons all in white and glittering with wonderful splendor, who, passing through the monastery . . . came near to the bed where



the blessed mother lay; immediately she surrendered her soul to God.

The well-known events of her life as one of the great monastic reformers are public property, and she takes her valiant place among the St. Franceses, the St. Dominics, the Loyolas of the past ages, claiming the praise and dispraise, the love or enmity of men. It is needless here to review the familiar chronicle of Teresa's successes and failures, her triumphs and defeats in that vivid world of Philip II.'s reign—a world of chivalry and enterprise and crime—of the Holy Inquisition and of the massacres of Peru. It is with Teresa in her character, or the character ascribed to her, as a mystic; with that chapter of her personal experiences (limited, we are informed, to ten years of her later career), and with those pages of her writings that record and analyze those experiences, that we are concerned. As a mystic Teresa will probably live in the classification of the Church. Yet we are compelled to admit the truth of her latest biographer's repeated assertions—the Seraphic Doctor of Castile was not essentially or typically a mystic. Mysticism with her lacked somewhat, although it is difficult to define what it is that is absent. The vision of the mystic is there, but the eyes that see it are not the mystic's eyes, and, rapturous as may be the ecstasy of joy or suffering, we are still constrained to feel that it is not Teresa who is absorbed by the vision, but the vision that is absorbed by Teresa. Mysticism with her is rather an episode than a temperament. It is not the single-hearted, the single-aimed life of narrower or more passive natures, nor can we help being dimly aware that the brain was ever in some degree a spectator in that spiritual theatre where, by mystic rule, the soul alone might enter.

It is possible that outward circumstance had more than a little influence in determining the quality of her ecstasies. The story of Teresa's miraculous communications with the unseen

is a singular commentary on the popular belief that the visionary was at all costs and times a growth stimulated and encouraged by authoritative Catholicism, a belief at which Vaughan,<sup>1</sup> or his Nonconformist conscience, connives. For a long season—the dates are indefinite—Teresa's visions were made the subject of incredulous scrutiny. Discouraged alike by her most intimate friends and by her spiritual advisers, she was held at the bar of judgment. At that time, the period of her divine revelations, it would have taken but a hair's weight more of suspicion and the Inquisition would in all probability have claimed her for its prey, for the Church of that day was fully prepared to endorse the modern dictum that if the mystic of the East is always a slave, the mystic of the West is usually a rebel. Teresa's mind was tortured by the contagion of doubt and disparagement; while indomitably sincere to her perilous faith in herself, that faith became the faith of the accused, it lost its spontaneity, its freedom, and its simplicity. In the necessities of self-defence it became guarded, analytical and controversial; nor when adversaries were silenced and opponents convinced, is she left wholly victor of the field. Her own mind has played traitor and in part gone over to the enemy, nor to the very end are these doubts, ambushed in her own keen intelligence, cancelled. "That she was never entirely satisfied as to whether she was not deceiving herself is evident to any one who has read her 'Life' with an unblinded mind. Her doubts as to whether these things were of divine or diabolical origin tormented her in life and were only stilled as she was nearing the grave," says her biographer, and, though possibly the statement is exaggerated, it seems on the whole just. As a hero, as a soldier, as even a humorist, her brilliant figure stands out, with beauty of body and beauty of soul, among the kings and courtiers, the saints and the sinners of her time.

<sup>1</sup> Hours with the Mystics.

By all thy dower of lights and fires,  
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,  
By all thy lives and deaths of love,  
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,  
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they.

By all these things Teresa will be remembered when her mysticism is forgotten and out of mind. Teresa's own words, spoken on death's threshold, prefigure the years to come with partial accuracy. "This 'Saint,'" she said, and aged, tired, and sick, her voice has its old ring of laughter, "will be no longer wanted." Of Teresa, as a mystic, the world truly, for loss or gain, has no need; and the world's memory knows what it wants, and for what it does not want it has a convenient trick of oblivion.

If the practical uses of mysticism may be traced in the records of Teresa's career, the scholarship, the intellectuality, the poetry of mysticism, found in the sensitive austerity of the humblest of saints, Teresa's greatest disciple, San Juan de la Cruz, its most passionate exponent. The Galahad of Monks, he celebrates the divine union of love in a hymn of almost unparalleled temerity in its adaptation of the language of human passion to the expression of the mysteries of the soul. Reading, we are not surprised to learn that the sordid persecutions, the bodily tortures inflicted upon him by unworthy brethren, imprisonments, scourgings, and disgrace, left his spirit serenely untroubled. Thrice only, amongst all the storms of his life, was he accused that he had sinned by discomposure. Once his humility rebelled against a painter who had painted him by stealth; once, again, when a careless speaker had seemed to liken the poverty-loving Carmelite to the great Bridegroom of Poverty—St. Francis. The third occasion is unchronicled. The most compassionate of ascetics, it was said of him that his body "was the only creature of God to which he showed no mercy." Of all mystics, he represents perhaps most completely the extreme phase of the emancipation of the spirit from every

bond—more, from every faculty—of human nature. His is the mysticism of mysticism; the idea itself becomes but a symbol, the most abstract thought less than a metaphor, in relation to what lies behind it. Forms, figures, and natural apprehensions are but hindrances; in the "dark night" of the lonely soul (the phrase is old as mysticism itself) can the spirit alone attain illumination and achieve its brideship with the divine Bridegroom. It is the mysticism of the supreme surrender of self, with its supreme compensation—the "having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

But from the lives and works of the Teresas and San Juans, the leaders and marshals of the host, we turn instinctively to those less-known, less-remembered figures, who shared the conditions of that enigmatical spiritual life without participating in its renown. Contradictory as it may seem, the fame of the individual is apt to obscure, if not to pervert, our conceptions in the study of a type. The criticism of history has touched and retouched the outline of the features, partisan prejudice has alternately defaced and restored the original, shifting traditions have tinted and retinted its primary colors, and, perhaps, more than all those incidents of celebrity, we are dimly, but penetratingly, conscious, as we look on the portrait exhibited, of the eyes of the thousands who have gazed on it before, who gaze on it now; and in the sense of those thronging beholders we lose possession of that hermitage of thought in which surely the mind should dwell if it would appreciate the spirit of that mysticism whose birthplace was solitude, the profoundest solitude of all solitudes, the innermost cloister of the soul.

Therefore it is that, from the study of such books as Suso's "Life" and Juliana's "Revelations" we seem to glean a sharper, because a more single, impression—an impression akin to a sensation—of the atmosphere and temperament (apart from the doctrines and systems) of the mys-

tic's life. Suso himself occupies a midway station between the two great phases of mysticism; that of the annihilation of human nature and that of its spiritualization. The outline of his external record is commonplace enough. Heinrich von Berg, known to the world by his mother's name Suess, Latinized Suso, to himself as Amandus (which name was revealed of God), was born at Ueberlingen, in the first year of the fourteenth century. The whole desire of his mother, we learn incidentally, was to live a spiritual life; but her husband was full of the world. Through this diversity she—possibly his father also—had much to suffer. At thirteen Heinrich entered a Dominican monastery, at eighteen he was "perfectly converted to God;" he became, finally, after enduring much suffering at the hands of his brethren in religion, prior of one of the communities of his order, and died at Ulm at the age of sixty-five. His "Life" was taken down from his own relation by one of his spiritual daughters, and added to in later years by his own hand, curiously enough, in the name of the nun (Elizabeth Staglin) by whom the earlier portions had been inscribed.

His story lies in a sombre historic framework. A devotional world, mad with terror under the lash of plague and pestilence, was offering its holocausts of victims to superstitions which were the sacrilege of faith. A panic-stricken impulse to penitence had clothed itself in the grotesque masquerade of contrition—the rites of the Flagellants. Condemned by the more sober authorities of Church and State, they formed a vagrant pilgrim brotherhood, recruited from every sex and class. They passed from town to town, a dark train, blazoned with the red cross symbolic of propitiatory suffering, lacerating themselves on the highways, in the streets and market-places with the iron-pointed scourge—the badge and instrument of their confraternity—offering to the eyes of fanatic mobs the spectacle of their self-inflicted tortures. The "Gelssler-

lied," the song of bloodshedding, rang through the lands they traversed.

Sinner, canst thou to Me atone.  
Three pointed nails, a thorny crown,  
The Holy Cross, a spear, a wound?

Miracles and crimes followed in their wake, the massacre of thousands of Jews testified to the savage fierceness of this moral plague. Amongst the Christians the thirst for slaughter spread like a fever, while amongst the victims a thirst for martyrdom out-rivalled the lust for blood. Meanwhile the undevootional world was peopled with apparitions, with phantasms of witchcraft and magic, and dominated by the shadowy imaginations of astrologers, soothsayers, and alchemists. In Suso's narrative the spirit of this century is pictured with a vividness and reality Froissart himself, his contemporary, does not surpass. Miracles occur—the miracles of a period when men found belief in miracles more easy of credence than belief in imposture, when every facility of deception existed in a life full of illusions, when the saint was as often the dupe of his disciples as the disciples of the saint, and common incidents and trivial accidents were seen and interpreted by those to whom the agency of the supernatural was a familiar key to all enigmatical phenomena. We follow Suso through scenes of peril and adventure told with the disjointed directness of a child's narrative, and more than once the incidents of the story recall the wanderings of Charles Reade's poor hero, the pious but timorous monk Gerard, of "The Cloister and the Hearth."

One such episode, for sake of its quaint picturesqueness and unconsciously grim humor, is worthy to be cited at length, all the more as in it we seem to see embodied in flesh and blood the outward character of the man whose inner record lies upon so different a plane.—

Once upon a time, when the Servitor [Suso] was returning from the Netherlands, his road lay up the Rhine. He had

with him a companion who was young and a good walker. Now, it happened one day he could not keep up with his swift companion, for he had become very tired and ill, and in consequence the companion had gone ahead of him. The Servitor looked back to see if any one was following in whose company he might go through the forest, at the skirts of which he had arrived, for it was late in the day. The forest, moreover, was of ill repute, for many persons had been murdered in it. The Servitor therefore waited to see if any one was coming.

At length two persons approached at a very rapid pace, the one a young and pretty woman, the other a tall ferocious-looking man, carrying a spear and a long knife. The Servitor was struck with dread at the terrible appearance of the man. . . . He thought within himself, "O, Lord! what kind of people are these! How am I to go through this great forest, and how will it fare with me?" Then he made the sign of the cross over his heart and ventured it. When they were already deep in the forest, the woman came to him and asked him who he was. As soon as he had told she said, "Dear sir, I know you well by name. I pray you hear my confession. . . . Alas, worthy sir, it is with sorrow I tell you my sad lot. Do you see the man who follows us? He is by trade a murderer, and he murders people here in this wood. He never spares any one. He has deceived me and carried me off, and I am forced to be his wife."

The Servitor was so terrified by these words that he nearly fainted, and he cast a very sorrowful look all round if haply there were any mode of escape; but there was no one to be seen or heard in the dark forest except the murderer. Then he thought within himself, "If, weary as thou art, thou triest to flee, he will soon overtake and kill thee; if thou criest out, no one will hear, and death again will be thy lot." He looked upwards very wofully, and said, "O, my God! what is to become of me? O, death, how nigh thou art!"

When the woman had finished confessing, she went back to the murderer and besought him privily, saying, "Come now, dear friend, go forward and make thy confession also, for it is a pious belief that whoever confesses to him will never be abandoned by God. . . ."

While the two thus whispered to each

other the Servitor's terror knew no bounds, and the thought came to him, "Thou art betrayed." Now, when the poor Servitor saw the murderer advancing, his whole frame quivered with dread, and he thought, "Now thou art lost." At this point the Rhine ran close to the wood and the narrow path lay along the bank. Moreover, the brother was forced to walk on the side next the water. As the Servitor went along in this manner, the murderer began to confess all the murders and crimes he had ever committed. Especially he spoke of a horrible murder he described thus: "I came once into this wood, as I have done to-day, and meeting a venerable priest I confessed to him while he was walking beside me at this very spot, and when the confession was over I ran him through with this knife, and thrust him over the bank into the river." These words, and the gestures which accompanied them, made the Servitor turn pale, the cold sweat of death ran down his face; he kept looking every moment that the same knife would be thrust into him, and that he would be pushed over into the river. . . . The murderer's damsel caught sight of his woe-stricken face, and running up. . . . said, "Good sir, be not afraid; he will not kill you." The murderer added, "Much good has been told me concerning you, and I will let you live; beg God to help and favor me, a poor criminal, at my last hour, for your sake."

So the story is told, and strange above all its incongruities of realism is the fact that this frightened monk, whose fear of death is confessed with such perfect simplicity, is the same who narrates with equal simplicity the details of his self-inflicted tortures of twenty-two years of perpetual penance! Their very recital sickens the imagination as he tells how, with ingenious device, he made each hour an unrelenting martyrdom, until macerated and enfeebled, when nothing remained except to die, God bade him leave this "lower school of detachment" and live to endure the sharper pains of soul and heart in store for him. "Hitherto thou hast struck thyself, now I will strike thee," is the relentless sentence of the divine decree, recognizing the incompe-

tence of man's self-immolation to exact the last farthing of the sacrifice. And God, who has hitherto spoil him as a child with consolations, will now let him wither and starve. Is it not, Suso questions with undeviating faith, by ancient right that love and suffering go together? Love's martyrs in God's calendar, no less than in the annals of mankind, "must be ever, ever dying."

It is impossible to ignore the fact, from whatsoever point of view we regard the mystic's visions—whether as the morbid phantasms of hysteria, or as the miraculous manifestations of divine grace, or as the rising to the surface of that inner life of whose existence the senses are normally unconscious—that to the elder mystic they were bought with a price, with the abnegation of all earth's treasures and the purchase money of the body's utmost anguish. Born before the day of cheap merchandise, his traffic was in truth and literally a dear bargain of hunger and thirst, of tears and blood. If the prize he sought was an illusion, the cost was, at least, the very reality of all that makes life, to most of us, endurable.

Thus Suso bought those radiant hours he chronicles with such candid spontaneity that his faith—or his credulity—infects our imagination, if not our reason. For a moment we seem to look through an open door into that far-off land of the mystic, where, in the matter of religion, there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, east nor west, Greek nor Barbarian. From the grated window of the Dominican's cell we catch a glimpse of the flowers of another country, the sunsets of another sky, or, if we perhaps fail to see the vision, we still see the eyes that saw it, those cloistered eyes to whose boundless outlook the narrow walls of his spiritual prison could set no horizon. One by one the visions rise. In the solitary chapel, where he keeps painful vigil until the watchman's horn announces the daybreak, as the morning star ascends, voices sound with exceeding sweetness singing

"Arise and be illuminated, O Jerusalem." Bright princes of heaven bid him look into himself and see how God plays his play of love with his soul, heavenly musicians lead dances "swelling up and falling back into the wild abyss of God's hiddenness." Then comes stages where visions and contemplations fuse, nor is it easy to detect if the narrative deals with what Suso regarded as an outward image, present to his sight, or an inward image, present only to his understanding. Making of material life but an allegory of the immaterial, or—in the sceptic's prose—making the reality into a dream that the dream may become a reality, he transmutes the customs of earth into the rites of the soul:—

Thus he kept carnival, and thus on New Year's night, when young men in their folly go out to make their sweethearts give them garlands, he, too, would go to his eternal love and beg of Him a wreath. So, too, on May Day eve he would set up a spiritual May-tree, saying, "Hail, heavenly may bough of the eternal wisdom! I offer thee to-day, in place of red roses, a heart-felt love; for every little violet, a lowly inclination; for all lilies, a pure embrace; for all flowers of heath or down, forest or plain, tree or meadow, a spiritual kiss; for all songs of little birds on any May Day flight, praises without end."

Was it any marvel that in such blendings of earth and heaven the boy monk whose childhood had ever greeted the sweet maid, God's mother, with spring's first rose, should see on his two hands and covering his feet, in the weariness of later years, the red roses and green leaves of celestial betokenings? Indeed, to such a nature as Suso's, a nature which, as somewhat wistfully he confesses, "could not remain without a love," with unsullied human affections, and a sensitive temperament charged with keen emotional joy in beauty which to-day makes of a man a poet or a painter, the doctrine of that inner mystical life must have dawned as a gospel of divinest revelation. For there sight might survey loveliness, ears



might revel in melodies of unsubstantial sweetness, unblamed; there, too—how pathetically significant is the frequent recurrence of this vision in the ascetic chronicle!—childless manhood and barren womanhood might hold the childhood of the whole world, epitomized as Mary's Baby, in the arms of the soul. It was to Suso a doctrine sanctifying his humanity, illuminating the barred and sterile twilight of his empty cell, extending the precarious possibilities of time into the secure infinitudes of eternity.

Nor are his writings tainted with the cold egoism of a meaner sanctity. "God so willing," are the words of Angela of Foligno, the earlier Tuscan mystic, whose "Visions and Instructions," taken down by Brother Arnold, her Franciscan confessor, are not without passages of imaginative beauty, "it happened at that time that my mother died, who was a great obstacle to me in the way of God. And in like manner my husband and all my sons. . . . I received great consolation in their deaths." Nor when, in divine vision, the Virgin brings her sleeping child, and he lies with closed eyes in Angela's embrace, does her rhapsody of adoring tenderness efface our remembrance of that cold reference to those dead children of her earthly home who in other days had lain in the arms and been cherished upon the breast where now the eternal baby rests. Such estrangement—to use no harsher epithet—from natural human love is wholly absent from Suso's character. The chapter which tells of his sister's fall from the obedience of her convent vows, of her sin and sorrow and forlorn abandonment, betrays in every sentence how firmly the fibres of his heart clung to their old attachments. "When he heard he became like a stone for sorrow, his heart died . . . he went about like one out of his mind. Then the thought came to him, 'Cast aside all human shame and spring into the deep gulf to her and lift her up.'" So he seeks and finds the poor refugee of sin, sick and lonely, sitting on a cottage bench.

His eyes fail him for grief; taking her in his arms he cries, "Alas, my child! alas, my sister, alas, gentle maiden! St. Agnes, how bitter has thy feast day become!" She, falling at his feet with great tears, pleads—in some sort we divine Suso's own teaching 'n the plea—for pardon. "Reverence," she prays, "God in me." "Alas, my child!" is Suso's cry, "thou, from my childhood up my heart and soul's joy, come hither to me;" and, in a later episode, "still," he says of a deeply corrupted and impenitent sinner, whose slanderous accusation has heaped dishonor upon his own fair fame, "I honor in her the dignity of all pure women." The scene of quaint pathos, where the baby child of his false accuser is brought to his cell, may well stand foremost amongst the most incongruous situations of the great human comedy of real life, where love and tenderness recklessly set at nought the wisdom and prudence and justice of the world.

Towards the close of the "Life," when, one is inclined to guess, the greater part of Suso's sixty-five years of mortality have passed over his head, stilling his impulses and silencing the last whispers of unsatisfied cravings, "the exterior manifestations" gave place, he says, to those which were interior. Then it is that, with a touch of dispassionate indifference, he attempts to analyze the gift of the vision-seer in words with which Sta. Teresa and Fray Juan de la Cruz were possibly familiar, for Suso's writings, as well as those of Tauler and Eckart, were freely circulated in Spanish translations in the century following his death. We are not concerned with the truth or rationality of the creed of transcendental theology, professed by each saint alike; it is truly a region upon whose threshold the foot of the heretic may well falter. But whether it be of those profoundest ecstasies of the wholly emancipated soul, or of those simpler visions that, according to their doctrine, lie lower and nearer to humanity (visions of the "sensual soul").

most of us, though with no arrogant nineteenth-century self-complacency, will concur assentingly in the sentence with which Suso concludes his exposition—the same phrase occurs in Sta. Teresa's writings—"only they who have experienced can understand."

These autobiographical fragments of Suso's life present us with a picture of the mystic ascetic in his more active personal, spiritual, and divine relationships. The revelations of Juliana of Norwich serve as a complementary type, perhaps the most striking extant, of the modes of thought of the passive ecstatic.

"XVI Revelations of Divine Love, showed to a devote servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an anchoress of Norwich; who lived in the Dayes of K. Edward the Third"—which Revelations were revived from an ancient copy and published in 1670 by Hugh Paulin Cressy—is 'he account of the book supplied by the preface and title-page; and various later editions, Catholic and Protestant, of this eloquent Old England volume, of days when Chaucer was making his "Canterbury Tales," and Sir John Mandeville had lately finished his "Travells," testify to the permanent interest it excited in a certain section of the religious public.

It is a book of far less picturesquely colored imagination than the book of the Revelations of St. Mechtild with its vestures of white and rose color, its golden bells and diadems of precious stones, its raiment like Heaven's blue besprinkled with blossoms of gold, and its fair five-petalled rose that covers the Heart of God. It has not the practical note of St. Bridget's inspired instructions, which, at least in the selections made by her English editor, betray the accent of the reformer and teacher whose eyes, like those of Sta. Teresa, behold the daily life of earth no less clearly than the spiritual images of eternity; nor will it ever be asserted of Juliana's work, either in praise or depreciation, as the recent translator of St. Catherine asserts of her famous "Ecstatic Dialogue," that

"It is nothing more than a mystical exposition of the creeds taught to every child in the Catholic poor schools." For, humble daughter of her Church as Juliana was, her mysticism belongs to a region where truly dogmatic catechisms have no entrance.

It is a mysticism at once profoundly personal as it deals with the inner relationship of Juliana to God, and fervently apostolic as it regards the relationship of God to Juliana's "even Christen"—her equals in the commonwealth of Christ. Life, indeed, to her possesses no other aspects. The distractions of Teresa's great apostolate, the intellectual vistas of San Juan's theological scholarship, even the interruptions of Suso's community life and missionary labors, are unknown to the solitary anchorite. No faintest shadow, no passing echo of battles and sieges, of Spanish wars and poisoned princes, penetrated the cell where Juliana, "a simple creature, unlettered, living in deathly flesh, on the 13th night of May in the year of our Lord 1373, took all her rites of holie church and went not to have liven till daie." Condensed into some few sentences—their brevity accentuates the force of the narrative—we follow the record of those night hours of six hundred Mays ago, hours which were to serve as a mere preface to the fifteen ensuing years of mortal sickness, the period of her visions. It is a prelude recalling to our memory the words of St. John of the Cross, "The soul unable to bear the ecstasies in a body so frail cries aloud to God, 'Turn away thine eyes from me. Turn them away, O my beloved!'" and the fable of the "Morte d'Arthur" is here verified, "When the deathly flesh beheld the spiritual thing it began to tremble right hard." As we read we become witnesses of the scene. We see the slow dying, the speechless lips, the eyes on which darkness settles like a weight; the limbs are numb, the breath fails, and the woman's soul burns itself free. The picture is complete in all its details. The priest is there and he sets the cross before her.

"I have brought thee," he tells her, "the Image of our Saviour, looke thereupon and comfort thee." But she already thought she was well, "for mine elen were sett upright into heaven. Yet, for obedience sake, she looks. Then the earthly framework fades, one passing mention of the red signet ring upon her hand, to which "for roundhead" the blood-drops that in ghostly sight fall from Christ's lacerated brows are likened; one simile drawn from the water that dips from "the evesing of an house after a great shower," in which we seem for a moment to catch the sound of May rain on the roof, and all the events of transitory life are obliterated. The sharpness of that long dying still encompasses her, the natural life of the body, of the senses, of the intellect, has surrendered its last citadel, but in that eclipse of mortality the soul, disenthralled from the restrictive conditions of time and space, drawing in its royal train the subjugated faculties, beholds the invisible, hears the inaudible, and apprehends the unknown. And yet with Juliana, as with Suso, it is not so much the manumission of the spirit from the flesh, of which we are made aware, as it is of the flesh with spirituality. The images presented are no vacant metaphors. Sight has remained sight, only the soul has opened a new avenue into the eternities on either side; hearing has remained hearing, but by that spiritual contagion its capacities are extended into the infinite. Above all, the heart of the woman has remained a heart, now "glad and merry in love" for that Lord of hers "who will be trusted for he is full homely and courteous," now broken with compassion at the spectacle of his despitous passion. "I saw the sweet face as it were dry and bloodless with pale dying and dead languing," thus she describes the opening of one of those earlier visions; she saw "the bloodshed and the pain and the blowing of the wind and cold," and how, she questions, "might any pain be more than to see Him that is all my life, all my bliss,

and all my joy, suffer?" The love of a human womanhood rings through every sentence of the sequel.

"'Look up to heaven,' a proffer, as it had been friendly, said to me, 'Look up to heaven to His Father.' I answered inwardly with all the might of my soul, 'Nay, I will not. Thou art my heaven.'" "I had liefer have been in that paine till doomsday," she adds, "than have come to heaven otherwise than by Him," and human, well we recognize it, is the vehemence of that reiterated exclusion of all other paths to joy. "Me liked," she says, "none other heaven." Once again she touches the same octave, condensing in a single phrase which has seldom been transcended in its brief expression of the possession that leaves the infinity of love's desire still unsatisfied: "I saw Him and I sought Him. I had Him, and I wanted Him!" Fletcher's tenderness, Ford's passion, lose color placed side by side with the utterances of this worn recluse whose hands are empty of every treasure.

And round all her "even Christen," God's lovers in heaven and on earth, not omitting those dear sinners whose sins by God's great courtesie—it is the word she uses almost oftener than any other in connection with the Deity—are forgotten, her warm affections cling. For St. John of Beverley, who it seems was a "kind neighbor and of her knowing;" for our Lady St. Mary, a simple maiden, but little waxen above a child, as she stood to Juliana's beholding; for God himself, the Lord who "took no place in his own house," who "is a very noble Lord and will save his word in all things" (the language of chivalry echoes fantastically from the outward world of the Black Prince's day), "and will make 'all well that is not well,' for these her love clothes itself as with the tender impetus of a child's career. God, it is true, has his secrets; sin and hell trouble her betimes, as they have troubled many another before and since; but a certain gay optimism of faith and hope triumphant, surmounts that infirmity of fear. "Sin is

behovely, but all shall be well and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well," is the refrain of page after page—and little marvel it is, for "she saw an high privy hid in God, which shall be known in heaven to us. In which knowing we shall verily see the cause why he suffered sin. In which sight we shall endlessly have joy, and all say with one voice, Lord, blessed mote thou be. For because it is thus, thus it is well."

Strange too is it, in an epoch when the physical hell of fire and torture—such hells as that of Teresa's later vision, "with long narrow lane, low and dark and close, with mire of reptiles and contracting walls," had branded itself upon the orthodox—to read Juliana's quiet words: "To me was showed none harder hell than sin; hell was as sin to my sight;" and from sin, she gives sad assent to the inexorable law of human weakness, "we may not in this life keep us." Yet, even as she makes her concession to the inevitable, the old jubilant faith reasserts its sure basis of final victory. "In each soul that shall be safe is a goodly will, that never assenteth to sin ne never shall," and in the end "blame shall be turned into endless worship, though how and by what deed there is no creature beneath Christ that wot it." Even those to whom her gospel conveys no certificate of truth may find something to learn in that doctrine of good cheer.

This is to give but some slight sketch of those conditions of mind and body and thought belonging to the mysticism of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. To track its influence in literature, to follow its developments in the copies fiction made from life, and in those other more recent plagiarisms life is accused of having made from fiction, is a task far beyond our scope. That it left the trace of its spiritual glamour is plain enough. The German school of chivalric romance, as represented by Fouqué in his legends (mis-estimated in England as children's stories), or by Novallis in his unfinished

"Heinrich von Ofterdingen," is permeated with it. Perhaps some kindred film crept over Hawthorne's pen when he wrote his tales, where, trembling on the brink of the unseen, the figures of his men and women rise in the moonlight of his creative fancy. George Sand, in her strange chronicle of spiritual inheritances "Spiridon," has caught something of its atmosphere. Its symbolism is echoed—we are tempted to say their pose approaches a parody—by many so-called "mystics" of our own time, who are fain to assume the gift of the ascetic's vision while they withhold the guarantee of the ascetic's sacrifice. Spurious mysticism there has ever been, superficial imitations and artificial emotions. Men forget that to see a vision is not to have become a mystic. To be, if one may borrow the journalists' term, an anti-naturalist, is not to have attained the ethereal kingdom that flesh and blood cannot inherit. The "Chevalier Malheur" may pierce the hand of the dreamer; "le rêve qui pleure" may visit the dead eyes of the living sinner; to the remorseful penitent "les soirs mystiques," with their vibrations of "les angélus roses et noirs," may come; the experiences of Huysmans's hero, the Parisian "mystic" of to-day, whose studied emotions and self-absorbed egotism would be less revolting as features of his sins than of his repentances, may be true to life. But the fact remains that to adopt a symbolic phraseology is not to have assimilated a spiritual temperament, although be it allowed that in days when originals are lacking the copyists themselves may be unconscious of the fraud.

And towards them, as towards all who bear by right, or have taken in good faith, the title, the world may well exercise a judgment of forbearance. Sleeping dreams there are of the brain, the recital of which in a land, were there any such, where sleep is dreamless, would read as an imposter's fable. Waking dreams there may

<sup>1</sup> Sangesse, Paul Verlaine.

be of the soul, towards which our attitude is perforce of a like incredulity; yet, maybe, even so and to us, they have their value. Is it not perhaps true, in a wider sense than the writer intended, that "ohne die Träume würden wir gewiss früher alt"?

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE DUEL OF THE PERIOD IN FRANCE.

To fight a great many duels is, in France, the shortest road to the favor of the fair sex or the admiration of the mob. The glamour of romance about a duel and its scenic effects appeal strongly to a people, brave, sensitive, and imaginative, but vain and somewhat *theatrical*. There is nothing ridiculous to a Frenchman in Thackeray's French *chef*, who invites his master's daughter to dance and asks Pendennis for his card when the latter interferes. In France the *chef* and the *commis-voyageur* have their affairs of honor. If "Tommy Atkins" gets a rap from a comrade, a few rounds with "the raws" settle it. But if one *piou-piou's* cheek be grazed by the angry hand of another, he must "square" the account sword in hand, like a colonel or a duke. If an accident happens, *tant pis*, the survivor knows that he will not be punished. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, English ambassador to France in the seventeenth century, records the fact that in his time every Frenchman worth looking at had killed his man. Captain Gronow of the Grenadier Guards, speaking of Paris under the Restoration, says, "If you looked at a man it was enough, for without having given the slightest offence cards were exchanged and you stood a good chance of being shot or run through the body." The testimony of two such witnesses at an interval of two hundred years shows the kind of hold duelling has upon the French.

From time to time the government has tried to check the practice. Saint Louis issued the first edict against it. Philip the Fair, his grandson, another. From the accession of Henry of Na-

varre, in 1589, until 1607, six thousand French gentlemen were killed in duels, and in each case the king granted a free pardon. Louis XIII. issued a fresh edict by the advice of his minister, Cardinal Richelieu, whose favorite brother had been killed in a duel with the Marquis de Méthines, and Louis XIV. the severest of all. The first, issued in 1626, punished duellists with loss of honors and confiscation of their estates. The survivor of a fatal duel was sent to the scaffold, as were Boutteville de Montmorency and his cousin Count des Chapelles in 1627. The edict of 1679 sentenced principles and seconds to death. Servants who assisted their masters in an affair of honor were scourged and branded. The regent loved duelling, and during the regency duels took place almost daily, as was also the case under Louis XV., but in his reign the *duel au premier sang* was invented, by which honor was satisfied as soon as blood had been drawn. One of the first acts of the Constituent Assembly was to suspend judgments hanging over those who had taken part in duels; the reason alleged being that in the disturbed state of society men were more prone than usual to provoke one another. The *roturiers* appeared to envy what had been up to that time an exclusive privilege of the aristocracy. When juries dealt with duelling it was found that while there were eighteen fatal duels between the years 1837 and 1841, in every case the homicide was acquitted. Bills to fix a penalty for duellists introduced into the French Parliament in 1833 and 1845 were voted down. There is no reference to duels or duellists in the French Penal Code. When duellists are punished, it is not for duelling but for a breach of the peace.

The duel in France grew out of the old feudal method of deciding suits at law known as "wager of battle," when the stronger sword was the better plea. The last of these contests took place at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, in presence of Henri II. and his court, on July 13, 1547, between two French lords, Jarnac and La Châteignerale. The former disabled his adversary with a secret *coup* known



to this day in France as "*le coup de Jarnac*." Under the Valois kings duels were simply murders. In an encounter between three favorites of Henri III. and three of the Guise faction, the point of the sword of Caylus, one of the favorites, caught in the hilt of his adversary, d'Entragues. As Caylus had neglected to bring a dagger, this left him at the other's mercy, and he pleaded the inequality. "We are here to fight—not to split straws," said d'Entragues, and stabbed him to death.

Under Henri IV. it was no better. One dark night, in 1613, the Duke of Guise met in the Rue Saint Honoré the coach of the aged Baron de Luz, who was in possession of a secret that compromised the duke, who forced him to alight and accompany him to where a swinging lantern afforded sufficient light for his purpose. Called upon to draw, the old man, hardly believing the duke to be in earnest, stood feebly on his defence. In an instant the Guise had passed his sword through his body. On the following day the old man's son, a mere boy, wrote to the duke a touching letter entreating the *grand seigneur* to honor by crossing swords with him a son whom he had robbed of a father. The duke accepted—and killed him.

In marked contrast to these brutal butcheries are the French eighteenth-century duels, not unaccompanied by a certain subtle refinement, easy grace, and gentle humor. When d'Albret, by a clever thrust, happily despatches the wretched husband of poor Madame de Sévigné, mocking Saint Mégrin says, "A bright amusing fellow this d'Albret who kills to perfection." The archetype of the d'Albret duellist is the Marshal Duke of Richelieu, a bad man, utterly unscrupulous with women (who adored him), but always ready, sword in hand, to avenge the most trifling slight to them as to himself. Before Phillipsburg with the Duke of Berwick he was returning splashed with mud to his quarters from the trenches one night when the Prince of Lixen, a cousin of the Mademoiselle de Guise whom Richelieu had recently married against the wishes of her family, made an im-

pertinent remark about his muddy coat. The duke at once compelled him to dismount and draw, and in a few moments had passed his sword through his body. Not only did the duke fight for the *beaux yeux* of the fair, but the latter sometimes fought for the *beaux yeux* of the duke; as Madame de Polignac and Madame de Neste, when a pistol bullet clipped the tip of the latter's ear. Many French ladies indulged in such follies. Madame de Saint-Belmont was "out" scores of times both with women and with men. Pretty actresses, like La Beaupré and des Urliis, rivals for the heart of a young gentleman of the court, fought on the stage with swords. Des Urliis received a dangerous wound in the neck. Madame Château Gay de Murat fought a duel with her faithless lover, M. de Cadières. She attacked him like a fury, but, a clever swordsman, he kept her at bay until she fell exhausted at his feet, when lifting her tenderly she fell sobbing on his breast and forgave him.

Few duels were fought during the First Republic and the Empire. Republicans and Bonapartists, actively engaged in defending their country against invasion, had no time for them; the émigrés, united by the bond of a common misfortune, no inclination. But the royalists returned with their king to find Paris swarming with Bonapartist officers, driven from the army, and burning to vent their despair in duels with officers of the king or of the allied armies. Paris was divided into two great camps. Duels were an every-day occurrence. Chief of the Bonapartists was General Fournier, who had slain a number of promising young royalist officers. He met his match in Fayot, an eccentric royalist, who wounded him severely in a sword duel, and so terrified him that he fled before him from one French city to another, while the avenger on his track swore to have the blood of one he always called "the assassin." That the hero of so many duels should show the white feather is not so strange. It takes but little courage to fight a duel, and that courage vanity supplies. Face

to face with *certain* death this artificial valor fails. Captain Stewart, a Scottish officer quartered in Jamaica, having had the misfortune to kill a brother officer in a duel, had resolved never to fight another and refused the cartel of a noted Creole duellist. The latter, however, so insulted Stewart that a meeting could no longer be avoided. Stewart stipulated that they should stand in an open grave deep enough to hold them both, and then, taking the ends of a handkerchief, fire across it. When the Creole saw these dreadful preparations, his heart gave way and he fell in a swoon at the feet of his adversary.

The most terrible duel fought at that time in Paris was the one between Colonel D—, an old Bonapartist officer, and M. de G—, of the Gardes du Corps, a mere youth but of herculean strength. The two men, lashed together so as to leave their right arms free, were armed with short knives, placed in a hackney coach, and driven at a tearing gallop around the Place de la Concorde. They were taken out of the coach dead. The colonel had eighteen stabs; the youth only four, but one of these had pierced his heart.

The famous "generation of 1830" was a fighting one. Old General (afterwards Marshal) Bugeaud, the soldier's idol, "le père Bugeaud," fought a duel with a brother deputy, M. Dulong, with regard to words spoken in debate, and shot him through the head. The most prosaic, the most *bourgeois* of all eminent French statesmen and historians, the late M. Adolphe Thiers, fought a duel when a young man with the irate father of a pretty girl whom Thiers, while anxious to marry, did not wed, because he was too poor to support her. Shots were exchanged without result, and the combatants embraced. The famous journalist and *littérateur*, M. Emile de Girardin, editor of *La Presse*, fought four duels in 1834 with the editors of other Parisian journals because, the annual subscription to French daily newspapers being at that time eighty francs, he had reduced the price of *La Presse* by one half, with the result that the circulation of his paper was enor-

mously increased. In the last of these duels he had the misfortune to kill Armand Carrel, a man of talent and a popular idol. Girardin, who was shot in the hip, had lingered between life and death for weeks before he recovered from his wound, and never, in spite of repeated provocations, could be induced to fight another duel. "Duelling," he said, "is a fault of our education against which our intelligence protests." But in France you must have killed your man to be able to say *that*.

The Beauvallon duel, in 1845, was a most disgraceful affair. Beauvallon, a young Creole, a brother-in-law of M. Granier de Cassagnac, wrote the chronique for the *Globe*. Dujarier, his antagonist, a wild, reckless fellow, was an editor of *La Presse*. A supper party at the Trois Frères Provençaux, at which that prince of "shady" Bohemians, Roger de Beauvoir, was also present, ended with a game of lansquenet, and Dujarier quarrelled with de Beauvoir and with Beauvallon over the stakes. The latter sent his seconds to Dujarier the next day. The duel was fought with pistols near Madrid, the café in the Bois de Boulogne, at eleven o'clock in the morning. Dujarier was shot through the head. One of his seconds asserted that on the ground, before the duel, he had introduced his little finger into the barrel of one of the pistols and had withdrawn it black with powder. As it was understood that the pistols used were to be strange to both parties, this looked like foul play. Beauvallon had supplied the pistols, and he and his second, d'Ecquevillez, were placed upon their trial for murder.

Thanks to the eloquence of their advocate, the famous Berryer, they were acquitted. But through the indiscretion of a young Parisian *viveur*, a M. Meynard, a friend of Beauvallon's, it leaked out that the latter had come to his house early on the morning of the duel, and they had gone to the villa in Chaillot of d'Ecquevillez, and that behind the house, in the garden, Beauvallon had practised at a mark with the pistols afterwards used in the duel, sending bullet after bullet into the

centre of the target. He and his second were rearrested and tried, this time for perjury. Found guilty, they were sentenced, the second to eight years' and Beauvallon to seven years' imprisonment. Among the witnesses at this famous trial were Alexander Dumas the elder, Roger de Beauvoir, and the afterwards notorious Lola Montez, the mistress of Dujarier, at that time a girl of twenty and an obscure Spanish dancer at the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin.

Many duels were fought in France during the Second Empire, especially in the years preceding its fall, which I passed in Paris. The most famous duellists of the day were the Duke of Gramont-Caderousse, the Marquis de Gallifet, Prince Achille Murat, M. Henri Rochefort, M. Alfonso, Count Maurice d'Irison d'Hérisssem and his brother Georges, the fiery Hanoverian Baron de Malorti, and M. Gaston Jollivet. In 1862 a duel took place at Saint Germain between the duke and a young Irishman, a Mr. Dillon, who wrote the racing articles for *Le Sport*. The duke took offence at a paragraph in one of them, and commented so severely on it that Dillon called him out. The result of the duel showed the folly of a novice measuring his strength with an accomplished fencer. Dillon, at a word, rushed madly upon the duke, who withdrew a step and presented the point of his sword, upon which poor Dillon impaled himself, and was killed on the spot. It was all over in a few seconds.

A year or two afterwards the duke and Count Georges d'Irison d'Hérisssem, of the French Foreign Office, were engaged one afternoon in playing for high stakes with some friends at the Jockey Club. When the clock struck eight, the count, who was a large winner, remarked that he had promised to take two ladies to the opera, and would have to take his leave, although he preferred to remain. The duke was the principal loser, and to the count's explanation simply replied, "Of course—bosh!" D'Irison again expressed his regret at having to leave, and again the duke's only comment was, "Of course—bosh!"

D'Irison, very angry, deliberately tore the numerous I.O.U.'s of the duke's the hazard of the game had placed in his possession into small pieces, and strewed them under the table. As the last piece fluttered to the floor, the duke calmly repeated, "Oh, yes—bosh!" In the duel that followed d'Irison gave him a sword-wound in the side that brought on consumption and caused his death.

Then came the famous de Pène duel. Henri de Pène, editor of the *Gaulois*, the Orleanist organ, published an article in his newspaper in which, describing a ball at the Tuilleries, he spoke of "the eternal sub-lieutenant who ploughs up with his spurs the lace on the women's dounces." The next morning there were twenty-seven challenges on his dressing-table. A duel was arranged for him with a sub-lieutenant in the Ninth Chasseurs à Cheval. It took place at Le Vésinet, near Paris, and a great many officers, including the Marquis de Gallifet, were on the ground. In a few moments the sub-lieutenant was disabled by a sword-thrust in the arm. Another officer came forward and said, "It is now my turn." De Pène and his seconds urged the unfairness of a man being called upon to fight two duels in rapid succession. The officer came closer, and snapping his fingers in De Pène's face said, "Monsieur, you are a scamp" (un drôle). De Pène, in spite of the protest of his seconds, insisted on immediate satisfaction. Almost as soon as the duellists were engaged the officer, who had formerly been fencing master of a regiment, passed his sword with lightning-like rapidity twice through De Pène's body, perforating the liver. The poor fellow lingered for months between life and death, but ultimately recovered. I saw him at the opera with his wife about a year afterwards.

One duel brings on another. There lived at that time in Baden-Baden an American gentleman of large means—Mr. Charles Astor Bristed—who, educated at Cambridge, had embodied his experience in a book entitled "Five Years at an English University." He

had also written a novel that had a great success in the United States—"The Upper Ten Thousand." He amused himself while in Europe by writing clever letters to an American sporting weekly, *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*. In one of these he sharply criticised the action of the officers at the De Pène duel, and named the Marquis de Gallifet. Some kind soul at the French Legation in Washington cut this letter out and inclosed it to the marquis, with the result that the latter and two of his friends took the first train for Baden-Baden with the intention of calling Mr. Bristed to account. The French seconds came to Mr. Bristed's house on a Sunday, but as he was a staunch churchman, and the son of an Episcopal clergyman, he declined to discuss the matter *then*. On the following day, however, he appointed two gentlemen to act for him—Major Yates, an Englishman who had served in the Austrian army, and Judge Monson, of New York. A duel was fought near Strasburg. The weapons were lifted pistols, and the distance forty-five paces. Two shots were exchanged without results.

The marquis had two encounters with the Count de L—, an eccentric old gentleman of ancient lineage who lived in the country, was rather careless in his dress, and only visited Paris at long intervals. The marquis and he did not know each other by sight. During one of these visits to Paris he went to the opera, where the marquis and his wife occupied a box. M. de L— in his stall was so struck by the exquisite beauty of the lady that he kept his opera-glass fixed upon her face. This put the fiery marquis in a rage, and meeting M. de L— in the lobby between the acts he looked him all over very carefully and then spoke to him with scorn. The old man, swift as thought, struck him on both cheeks, saying, "It is the Count de L— you are speaking to." In the duel the marquis was wounded. When the wound healed he had the count "out" again, and this time the count was wounded. Honors were easy, and the question of a third duel was discussed,

but this time the emperor interfered, and the marquis and the count drove out to the ground on both occasions in hired carriages heated with hot-water pipes (*remises chauffées*), which caused the Parisians to say that, while the gentlemen were not at all afraid of death, they were much afraid of taking cold.

The marquis in 1868 was colonel of a hussar regiment. One of his lieutenants was Prince A— M—. Their garrison was in a small provincial town, but both being worshippers at the shrine of the same fair lady in Paris, a good deal of their time was spent in the capital. Whenever they came to Paris they seldom failed to meet. This caused a bitter feeling, which culminated when the prince went to Paris after having been refused leave of absence by his colonel. The marquis wrote a letter to a friend in Paris, the Marquis de R—, in which, speaking from the standpoint of the old French nobility with regard to the new Bonapartist creations, he referred to M— in uncomplimentary terms. The marquis was reading this passage aloud to a circle of friends at the club in the Rue Royale when the prince entered the room. He overheard the words coupled with his name, and anxious to know who had paid him this left-handed compliment walked up to the marquis and curtly said, "Show me the letter." The marquis declined, when the prince repeated his demand. "Never," replied the marquis. "Show me the letter," cried the prince, in such a tone of suppressed passion that the other, with the words, "There, I believe every word of it," handed it to him. Without looking at the letter the prince said, "I shall hold you responsible." In the duel with the Marquis de R—, after a pass or two, the latter's seconds declared the "condition of their principal made it impossible for the duel to continue."

Prince M— then sought a meeting with his colonel. When the emperor heard it he was furious. The Marquis de Gallifet and his wife were great favorites at court, and among the few of the noble "Faubourg" who went there, while the prince was to all intents

a member of the imperial family. The emperor sent for the prince, and formally forbade the duel. It is said the young officer broke his sword across his knee and threw the pieces at the emperor's feet. The duel took place after all. The prince was a poor swordsman, the marquis an excellent one. On the night before the duel Prince M— went to the house of his second, M. d'E—, of the Spanish Embassy, then said to be the best amateur swordsman in Paris, and spent the entire night practising with him in the courtyard a secret *coup*. At daybreak the prince knew it to perfection. It required great nerve and quickness, and if it failed it meant death, but on it he pinned his chances of success. On the ground he ran his colonel through the thigh. The latter was carried home in a fuming rage. His last words before he fainted were, "A— M— has beaten me; but next time I'll beat him." There was, however, no "next time." The emperor interfered again, like a good fairy, and the matter ended with the prince's exchanging into another regiment.

As most foreigners who live for any time in Paris, I regularly attended a fencing school. Though I practised faithfully several hours a day for a couple of years, I only reached a moderate degree of proficiency. Six years' constant practice are needed to make a good swordsman. A French gentleman learns to handle a foil at the age of seven, and fences "school"—that is, practises single thrusts and parries—for a long time before he is allowed to engage in an assault-at-arms. In addition to the fencing school nearly every French gentleman has a *salle d'armes* in his house, where he practises in the afternoon, and sometimes of an evening, with his friends. The schools of the great fencing masters are clubs in a way, as the baths were in ancient Rome, and in the intervals of fencing the pupils sip coffee and vermouth, read the newspapers, and exchange the gossip of the day. I went to Pujol, the *maître d'armes* in the Rue de Morny, not far from the Champs Elysées. His school was a general rendezvous for

many of the young Englishmen and Americans in Paris. Pujol was an excellent teacher. He had what most fencing masters lack—patience. He had been fencing master of a cavalry regiment, and was a perfect type of the old *troupière*, who in an age when most of the "non-coms" wear spectacles is fast passing away. He talked the most delicious soldier-French, and that, too, is disappearing, like everything else that marks character. Pujol had witnessed the duel between poor Dillon and the Duke of Gramont-Caderousse. It was worth a journey to Paris to hear him tell it. He was walking in the wood at Saint-Germain when he stumbled across the duellists. "Cré-nom," said I to myself, 'something's up.' They were *alignés*, ready to begin. 'Go,' said the seconds. L'Anglais, he jump in the air; so Monsieur le Duc he take a step back—so, and *ratatapang* (an expression not in the dictionary but always used by Pujol to point a thrilling story) "the other fall forward—so. They pick him up—dead; *un brave*, but no fencer."

When a Frenchman is about to engage in a sword duel he goes to his fencing master and takes a *leçon de duel*. This costs three or four times as much as an ordinary lesson, and the master usually teaches him one of the secret thrusts that form a part of his stock in trade. In the "duelling lesson" *épées mouche-tées* (small swords with buttons at the end) are used instead of foils, and another style practised, more simple and more cautious, with fewer varieties of thrust. The fencer is taught not to advance his own blade too far upon that of his adversary. The great fencing master Grisière used to boast that he had given during his life a hundred and twenty of these lessons, and that in not one of the duels afterwards was a pupil of his killed or even seriously wounded.

When a duel with pistols is "in the air" a Frenchman usually goes to the gallery of Gastinne-Renette, near the Champs Elysées, and practises at plaster figures (*poupées*) or at the life-size image of a man. In those days two of the best shots were the late Duke



of Hamilton and Count Khevenhueller, of the Austrian embassy. The best pistol-shot in Paris to-day is M. Cartier, who can throw a small piece of silver in the air and hit it before it reaches the ground. His friends have a number of these pieces with the mark of the bullet, presented to them as souvenirs of his skill.

A man may do brilliant shooting in a gallery, and then, the conditions being so different, fail to score on the ground. A good pistol-shot was making marvellous practice at Gastinne-Renette's *poupées* one day, when a spectator remarked: "Very good, but he might not hit a man at fifteen paces." He said this so often that the pistol-shot lost patience, and, turning to him, said: "Suppose we try." They did so the next day. The marksman won the first shot—and missed. The other, raising his hat, quietly said: "What did I tell you?"

A duel with swords fought at this time between M. A—, a wealthy Cuban, whose family own what, next to the Elysée and the British Embassy, is perhaps the finest house in the Rue Saint-Honoré, and M. Gaston Jolivet, poet, journalist, littérateur, and satirist, was, according to the testimony of an eye-witness, one of the most desperate encounters that ever took place near Paris. Jolivet, a great friend of M. Henri Rochefort, had been "out" a great many times. He wrote some clever satirical verses about his colleagues of the press, of which I can only recall the four lines that referred to their fondness for duels and decorations:—

*Il n'y a plus de déshonneur,  
Nous avons tous la croix de la Légion  
d'honneur;*

*Si Monsieur Rouher ne le veut pas.  
On lui coupe la gorge à quinze pas.*

After these were published it rained challenges in Jolivet's house. This did not embarrass him. He was like a knight of old, ready for all comers at any time, in any place. A—, who had a high spirit and was an habitué of the fast set, had fought duels without number. Both he and Jolivet were fine

swordsmen, and in their encounters with others had generally been successful. They fought until covered with the blood flowing from numerous wounds, and, being about evenly matched, neither can be said to have had much the best of it. The cause of the duel was never made public.

A determined little duellist of those days, as I have reason to remember, was the Vicomte de la P—, whose sister was a lady-in-waiting to the empress. In addition to his numerous encounters with compatriots, he fought duels in 1868, within the short space of a month, with an Englishman, a German, and an American.

The duel with the American took place at Ville d'Avray, and I was present at it as a spectator. Two officers of *chasseurs à cheval* acted on behalf of M. de la P—, while the American was assisted on the ground by Count Maurice d'Irison d'Hérisssem, afterwards aide-de-camp of General Trochu, and Count Excelmans, son of the marshal. The parties drove twice from Paris to Ville d'Avray before the duel could take place. The first day, owing to some misunderstanding, neither party had provided weapons. On the following day both brought a pair of swords. The duellists removed their coats and waistcoats, when the seconds drew lots for choice of place and swords. Those used belonged to the Vicomte de Feuillant, and had already been used with fatal effect. One of them was "the lucky one." Those fortunate enough to secure it had always come unscathed out of an encounter. The American's second won the toss, and obtained it. The men were placed, when M. d'Irison, joining the points of their swords between his finger and thumb, suddenly dropped them, saying, "Allez, messieurs." The encounter, which lasted five or six minutes, was a pretty brisk one. Both were young, active, and fairly good swordsmen. Each received a couple of slight wounds, when the seconds bade them pause, and, after a brief consultation, stopped the duel.

Apropos of French journalists and

duelling, I remember calling at the office of a great Parisian newspaper with a friend who wished to have rectified a statement published in it concerning him. When our business was made known we were ushered into a handsomely furnished room on the first floor. Seated at desks, without a trace of pens, ink, or paper, or of anything in a literary way except some new novels, together with a few packages of cigarettes, were two gentlemen, whose appearance made a considerable impression on me. They were faultlessly dressed in deep black (the duellist's color). Each had the ribbon of the Legion in his buttonhole, their long jet-black moustaches were waxed out to a point as fine as a needle's, and there was in their whole manner, their voice, their gestures, and the expression of their eyes and mouths, an indescribable something that proclaims the man who at one time or another has worn a uniform. These were the fighting editors, with whom evidently the pen was *not* mightier than the sword. They were civil, however, and consented to the rectification of the paragraph. As fighting was their trade, they looked at it in a purely business way, and only went out when the demands made were too unreasonable to be entertained. I fancy that they sometimes fought in defence of articles they had never even seen.

A good many duels à sensation have taken place during the last few years. In the one fought between the late M. Floquet and General Boulanger in the garden behind a friend's house the stout old civilian "pinked" the "brav général" handsomely. This unexpected result did more to destroy the general's popularity than any of his political mistakes. The statesman was in the habit of fencing a couple of hours every day in his private *salle d'armes* in order to keep down a growing *embonpoint*, and was a first-rate swordsman though few knew it. The Marquis de Morès was a gentleman of whom militant editors of the Paris press stood somewhat in awe, and this respect they extend at the present day to the Count

de Dion, the greatest living authority in France on duelling, who has been "out" scores of times, both as principal and second, and whose undisputed loyalty and firmness have made it possible for him to prevent many duels that seemed inevitable. The marquis killed Captain Mayer in a duel with swords at the Ile de la Grande Jatte a few years ago, and in a pistol duel with a deputy, M. Dreyfus, wounded him in the arm. When on his American ranche two cowboys tried to "jump" some of his cattle, he and one of his herdsmen fought them off with "Winchesters," the invaders being similarly equipped. One of the cowboys was killed.

There is a good deal of French literature on the subject of duelling. Tallement des Réaux, Jean de la Taille, D'Alembert ("Physiologie du Duel"), Colombey ("Histoire Anecdote du Duel," and the amusing little book "Le Duel," part of the "Bibliothèque des Curiosités"). The most important modern French works on the subject are "Les Armes et le Duel," by Grisière, the famous fencing master, and the "Code du Duel," by the Marquis de Châteauevillard, a recognized authority in France and often quoted before the courts in duelling cases. At a famous trial, Alexander Dumas referred to it, and the judge, disclaiming all knowledge of it, asked where it might be found. Dumas replied, "In any gentleman's library." The book recognizes in the duel but three weapons—the sword, the sabre, and the pistol. Any other can be used only by mutual consent. His chapter on "Insults" is curious reading. "A gross verbal insult is no answer to another gross verbal insult." "A blow is not an answer to a blow." "Force does not constitute a blow; who touches strikes." With regard to this I remember that when that admirable actor Bressant played Armand in "La Dame aux Camélias," and strikes the Count de Varville in the ball-room scene, he does so by simply drawing the tips of his fingers lightly across his breast. There is a great prejudice in France against physical

violence: "Jeux de mains—jeux de vilains." In duelling matters it puts a man out of court. A lame man may refuse swords or sabres owing to his infirmity, or a one-eyed man pistols; but if they have struck the other party they forfeit the privilege. "There is no apology for a blow." In a pistol duel, if a man fire before the seconds have counted "three," or half a second too late, he is dishonored, and, if he kills, an assassin. "If he fires before the word, his adversary may take as long as he likes to aim." The marquis was a firm believer. "The laws of honor are as sacred as those of the government."

Grisier was not only a great fencer but a man of literary attainments, who reckoned among his friends Dumas, who wrote the preface of his book, and Roger de Beauvoir, who added to it a life of the author. Grisiere opened a fencing school in St. Petersburg before he established his *salle d'armes* in Paris, and his book is dedicated to the Emperor Nicholas I. He says a cruel thing of seconds: "It is not the arms but the seconds that kill;" but later on shows that the services of the unfortunate "friends" are not always unattended by danger. A gentleman known to Grisiere who was second in a duel managed to prevent the meeting, but mortally offended both parties, whom he was obliged to fight. His own principal gave him a sword-thrust that kept him in bed for six months. He shot the other man through the head, and was forced to fly the country. Among the pistol duels of the French is the one "on parallel lines." Two lines are traced about thirty feet long and twenty apart. The principals are placed at the opposite ends of these two lines, and advance towards each other at the word, firing at will. They cannot get nearer to each other than twenty paces, must fire while they walk, and must not stop until they have gone the entire distance. This duel is said rarely to end fatally for the principals. But how is it with the seconds? When two excitable young Frenchmen fight under such conditions the only safe place for seconds is a cellar.

The cleverest thing and the truest (as far as France is concerned) ever said of duelling is the remark of La Bruyère: "The duel is the triumph of fashion—of vanity, that is." More patrician French blood has been shed in duels than in the Revolution. But duelling is not likely to disappear until French ladies combine to crush it with their disapproval. At present, by one of those curious contradictions peculiar to the sex, they turn faint at the sight of blood, but welcome with a ready smile the duellist who sheds it. When the Prince de Sagan, the *arbitre elegantiarum* of Paris, fancied not long ago that in one of the characters of a play he himself had been presented by a well-known dramatist to the Paris public, he called the author out. The duel took place behind the grand stand on a Paris race-course, and was witnessed by a great crowd of delighted spectators, who proclaimed the affair worthy of La Régence, and were rather disappointed when two shots were exchanged without result. The most attractive feature about Parisian duels is the charming spots near Paris they usually take place in—Vincennes, Saint Mandé, Ville d'Avray, the Ile de la Grand Jatte, and so on. There is always a capital little restaurant, whose proprietor makes a fortune out of the duellists who come there to breakfast after a bloodless encounter. They order everything on the *menu*. Duellists usually develop an extraordinary appetite after a meeting. Before the duel—well, that is another matter.

JAMES PEMBERTON-GRUND.

From Longman's Magazine.

BANDI MIKLOS.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF BENEDEK ELEK.

(Abridged Slightly.)

Letter First.—From Bándi Miklós.

Dearest Margit! Your last words when we parted yesterday were: "Speak to mamma;" and yet, instead of at once obeying your dear commands, I am about to write you a long letter of I don't know how many sheets.

Just sit down, Margit, and read my letter quietly. There will be nothing extraordinary in it. I only want you to know me thoroughly. For, at present, fair Margit, though we have been acquainted these four years, you know only this: that at the age of eight-and-twenty I was appointed professor in the university, and that at thirty I proved my gratitude to the government by coming forward as a Parliamentary candidate on the Opposition side, and, what is more, that I was elected.

What else do you know about me? That I dress in the latest fashion, go to the National Casino, am seen at the races, and, in fact, everywhere; and that "Bándi Miklós was present" is a not infrequent announcement in the newspapers, which have more than once mentioned me as "the life of the party."

Believe me, dear Margit, I have never for a moment enjoyed this society-life. Suddenly, when the chatter has been most animated, my face has clouded over, and I have involuntarily put my hand to my head.

"What is the matter, Bándi?" my attentive hostess has asked kindly.

"Oh, nothing! a passing pain in my head; it's gone now."

Ah! if any one had guessed what flashed before my mind's eye at such times!

But no one ever did. It is wonderful how fortunate I have been hitherto. I know a hundred men who appear in society having a certain air of distinction and a confident manner, and holding distinguished positions too, and yet, all at once, society folks begin to ask one another: "But who *is* this X—exactly? Where does he belong? Who are his people?"

Possibly the same question has been asked about me; but I don't think so; no, I don't.

You are smiling, Margit, and perhaps tapping your little foot impatiently, as you say to yourself: "Who is he, pray? Why, a professor at the university; and member for the university too!"

But, dearest Margit, the question as asked by society cannot be answered in

this way. I have often wondered why no one ever showed any curiosity as to my family, and I believe the only reasonable explanation is to be found in my name, which has evidently misled people, without any wish or intention on my part.

In my more particular fatherland, Transylvania, there are three sets of Bándis—first, the gentry of that name, beggars of good birth, who stick to the land. People here are aware of their existence, but not a living Bándi of them all has ever made his appearance in Budapest during the past forty years. The second set of Bándis are noblemen without estates. They own a few acres which they plough and sow, and thus live from hand to mouth.

The third set are the peasant Bándis; plain, laboring people, feudal serfs, bound to the soil before '48, now free, but poorer than ever they were.

I know! I know. I can see from here that you have found out already which set of Bándis I belong to.

That is it, that is it—the *third*!

A poor, toil-worn old man is my father; a bent-backed old dame is my mother. Know them, dearest Margit, and you will know me.

I remember one day, when I was, perhaps, eight or nine, my father said to my mother: "Wife, I have been talking to his Reverence, and he advised me to take Miklós to the town school. We are poor, we can't do much for him, but, wife, I don't care, even if my little bit of land goes—every scrap of it! I have lived hard enough myself, my son shan't live hard too."

My dear mother wept. "As you (he) will," said she.

I was an only child; but this meant no more than that when my mother sent me provisions from time to time to the gymnasium, she could slip in a florin or two as well.

For eight years I was servant to some of the gentlemen. I kept their rooms in order, and I lived hard on their

<sup>1</sup> Third person singular in original, which peasant-women always use in addressing their husbands. The latter use second singular to their wives.

bread. I also regularly did their exercises, and for this they gave me a few extra pence now and again.

My university life I will not attempt to describe, dearest Margit. It was full of terrible privation. But in the third year I distanced all my competitors, and carried off the prizes. One fine day I made my appearance looking as if I had just come out of a bandbox. My comrades opened their eyes very wide at first, but later on they were accustomed to my being always a dandy, and, I believe, even forgot that I had ever been a poor, ragged, hungry-faced student.

God alone knows how my dear father distressed himself about me, and how many tears my mother shed. They knew how hard my life was, though I never complained; indeed, the less I complained the more the poor old people grieved, and bitterly did they regret ever having sent me to school.

I sent them some money, but they wrote back; "Don't send any; better come home. We don't want you to starve for us!"

I wrote that I had enough; but it was of no use, they did not believe me.

"Don't send any money, my dear son," wrote my father in every letter, "for your mother weeps night and day. She believes you are starving, and so do I."

Home I went; not to stay, but to ease the poor old people's minds. I took a pile of newspapers with me to prove that I had an appointment. I took home my books. "See, here is my name. I wrote them."

Good heavens! how the poor old folks did weep!

Said my father: "My dear boy, I shall lie down in my coffin with joy!"

"And I too," wailed my mother; "I too."

But the money which I had sent home, by little and little, there it lay untouched in the tulip-painted chest of drawers.

"Put it in your pocket, my son; we don't need it at all. You are a grand gentleman; you want money." I had to take it back.

But you will ask, dear Margit, why I

did not tell you all this a long time ago. My dearest, you never once asked me about my relations, though I should so much have liked to talk of my dear, good parents. Well, and suppose I had. Would not you have thought I was making a parade of my parents' poverty and simple mode of life when it would have been in *better taste* to talk, if I could, of the family property and distinguished relations?

But I might have married you without you ever seeing my parents, you think?

Yes, I might have done so; but this is precisely what I don't want to do.

Oh, Margit, if you could have heard these old folks talk of my marriage sometimes in the evening!

"I shall never see my *menyemasszony* (my mistress-daughter-in-law)," the old dame would sigh.

"Nor I either, dame."

And then, his honest eyes resting upon my face, the old man would add:—

"You are going to take a wife from some grand family, my boy, I know. We are simple folks. I don't want you to show her to us. It is enough for us to hear of you, and to know that you are happy. Your wife might not be as fond of you, perhaps, if she were to see that you are the son of a poor peasant. We have each got one foot in the grave. My boy, don't bring her home."

"No, no! and I say just the same. Oh! but I should so like to see her!" said the old dame uneasily. "If I could but kiss my darling's snow-white face and tiny hand, just once!"

"But I haven't any wife at present, mother dear. Besides, she won't be a stuck-up fine lady. She will love you; she will want to see her husband's parents."

"An ugly old man and an ugly old woman!" the old man seemed to age as he spoke. "To be sure"—and now he grew younger again—"they used to look at me thirty years ago—grand ladies, too, didn't they wife? And your mother was a handsome woman, too, that she was!"

"And you are handsome still, my dear, good old souls."



And, indeed, dearest Margit, they are! If you could see them just once; and their house and yard, and tiny flower garden, where they go "pit-patting" about from morning till night. They are always talking about the lovely young lady whom Miklós is going to marry. They don't know who her father and mother are, but she is always floating before their eyes.

They often lie awake in the long winter nights.

"Are you asleep, wife?"

"No, *uram* (sir); no, I can't sleep."

"Nor I either. Thinking of your son, eh?"

"Just so, *uram*, just so, and the golden-haired menyemasszony. And you are too, eh?"

"Ay, wife, just so!"

By daybreak the old dame is up and slipping into the next room, the young folks' room, where not a soul but the old people ever goes. The old dame has been furnishing and adorning it for years past. The nosegay in the long-necked jug on the table is never allowed to fade all the summer through. The little windows are full of flowers—marjoram, verbena, fuchsias, red carnations—and she waters them night and morning.

One day the two will be stepping out to the gate, and looking down the road a hundred times.

"Suppose they were to come unexpectedly! They won't write, they'll just come!"

These are my parents, and I want to "gild" their last days. I love you with the love of an honest man. You are my first, my last, and my only love. But if I must choose—Margit, dearest Margit, don't let me finish the sentence!

And now, tell me; am I to speak to your mother? I ask but one word in answer—"yes" or "no."

I kiss your hands,

BÁNDI MIKLOS.

*Letter Second.—From Szemerjai Margit.*

Dear Bándi,—You ask me to send just one word in answer to your letter—"yes" or "no;" and certainly if I were

the same to-day that I was yesterday, it would be easy to write either the "yes" or the "no" without hesitation. But you must understand, Bándi Miklós, that the Szemerjai Margit who said "Speak to mamma" exists no longer. I gaze at myself in the glass, but I see a stranger.

You have told me the story of your life, and how you, the young man of fashion, were not so long ago a half-starved student, with an old man and woman weeping over you night and day at home. And now they are so happy, you say, and you long to brighten their last days. With whom? With me! With me!

But, Bándi Miklós, do you know who I am?

"I know, I know," you will say.

But, indeed, you know nothing at all. My father is imperial and royal chamberlain—that is true! My mother is a baroness—that is also true! But beyond this you know nothing.

Despise me, *uram*; but when I said "And I love you; speak to mamma," I was telling a lie. I had no love for you, not the veriest grain!

Having been brought up to be sensible, I saw that you possessed all the qualifications necessary for the husband of Szemerjai Margit—a distinguished position, young, good looks, gentlemanly manners, and so on; and, to crown all, you are of good family. I never gave this last matter so much as a thought; it seemed so much a matter of course.

Alas! for me, a thousand times alas! If any one else had told me that you were the son of peasant-parents. But alas! still more if you yourself had told me only when my word was pledged and I could not honorably draw back.

Suppose I were to marry you without love, thinking lightly, as is the fashion in our world: "sympathy is enough, what do we want with love?"

The difference in my life would amount to this: I should go about with you instead of mamma. You would take me to balls, concerts, races, to drive in the Stefania, to baths, etc. Our life would be most elegant and correct. I should like you for a compan-

ion, because you are good-looking, clever, distinguished, gentlemanly; and you would like to have me with you, for I am not such a fright, and I am no goose either! I know how to dress, and how to be a pleasant hostess.

Well, that is the sort of married life I had pictured to myself. And when the benediction has been pronounced and we are at the station, you will take tickets, not for Venice, but—for Brassó (Cronstadt), and you will say, "Dearest, let us go and see my parents—my poor, simple parents!"

I am horrified, I quiver in every fibre, when I think of the shock such an unexpected turn of events would have given me. What, I, Szemerjai Margit, find myself connected with a family of serfs! Monstrous! monstrous!

Our marriage could not have been happy, really happy, under any circumstances, but we might have got on comfortably enough for some perhaps even to envy us. But what would have followed upon *this* would not have been mere lack of happiness. I should have *hated* you! for you would have lured me into a trap, and that is a crime which you could not have washed out; no! not with an ocean of love, however deep.

But see, now here you stand before me, and I shrink away to nothing as I stammer out, "Forgive me, uram, forgive me!" I see how great you are, and how small am I!

Miklós, Bándi Miklós, take me by the hand and lift me up, lift me up! Teach me to love you as deeply and truly as you do your parents—the old people who talk so often of their son Miklós and the golden-haired menyemasszony. Ah! it is my face and hand the old dame would like to kiss; mine! mine! And I—I should like to kiss the horny hands which have raised you from the dust, just for this, only this—for I feel that God is infinitely gracious to me—because now you will raise me!

Miklós! hear me. My empty heart is filled with a feeling I have never known before. My fate is in your hands. A new Szemerjai Margit stands before you, and confesses her love for you.

What does the world matter to me! I should like to stand on the top of the highest mountain and shout "Bándi Miklós loves me!" You don't understand what it is for one suddenly to feel that she has a heart. You don't understand, for you have always had a heart. I never had till I read your letter.

Come, come and "speak to mamma." You may come, you may fly! My father and mother know all. Papa read the letter aloud. For a moment his face clouded over, and mamma turned pale. But then, all at once—if you could but have seen—his words were broken by sobs; and, before he got to the end, we were all three weeping in one another's arms.

"Oh! my God!" he sobbed; "I thank thee for giving me a son, in place of a son." And the grave face, which has never brightened since the death of my brother Andor, was beaming with joy.

Miklós, you have already made my parents' last days golden, and now it depends upon yourself whether I shall do the same for yours. Command me!

MARGIT.

*Letter Third.—From Bándi János.*

My dear Son Miklós,—With tearful eyes I read the letter in which you tell us, your poor parents, that you are going to take to wife the only daughter of his Excellency Mr. Szemerjai Gábor. Heaven's blessing on you both, my heart's children!

Your mother and I have been weeping ever since we had your letter, but from joy.

What a hard life you have had, O child of my heart, until now that the good God has come to your aid, blessed be his holy name!

And how I have worried myself! Well, we shall not go to your wedding, my dear son! It is not for us to be among smart gentlefolks. They would look down upon us and you, too. Your mother would like to be present though, if she could, without being seen; and so should I, as I tell her.

At night, when we can't sleep, we

often talk about how we could be there without being seen. We should not certainly dare to get into the "steam-carriage." We have once seen it rushing away from Brassó, when we were taking in a load of wheat. The price of that load would be just enough, says your mother. It would take two loads, say I. No, my boy, we shall not try the steam-carriage. Besides, it is not for such as we.

You write that you are going to bring your wife to see us. My dear boy, think well what you are about. What is there to see in us simple old folks? Our house is clean, but everything in it is home-made. And we cannot treat your wife to delicacies, though we would give her our very hearts.

Well, your mother is not so timid as I, though. She tells me I am just to write "Come," and the menyemasszony will soon order all as she pleases.

The old dame has been talking already to a woman in the village who has lived many years in gentlemen's houses, and can, they say, cook such fine dishes that—meaning no disrespect—even the queen would suck her fingers after them!

"Why, then, let them come!" I say to your mother. The little room is like a chapel—that I myself can answer for. There are eight pillows to each of the beds. They were your grandmother's but they have never been used yet. I tell your mother that three apiece would be enough, but it is no use. She says if she had as many again she would have them all out, for "she knows that the darling menyemasszony has been spoilt."

"Well, I believe so too," say I.

Her father is a chamberlain, which is something tremendously high, isn't it, my boy? and her mother is a baroness! What we cannot anyhow take in is, how you can venture to ask her hand.

We asked his Reverence; and a blessing be on every word he said, for it eased our minds. He explained that, when any one really loves a man, she does not consider his humble origin. And, my dear son, he also said that you were such a first-rate man, and so dis-

tinguished, that even a countess might fall in love with you. We gave thanks to God, your mother and I, both of us, that things are as they are.

Your mother wanted to make a few letters too, but there is no room in this. What she would have written, however, is, "Come home, my dearest son, Miklós, and bring my darling golden-haired menyemasszony, too. I eat her little diamond heart." There, then, I have written it! We send our sincere respects to their Excellencies, your father-in-law and mother-in-law. Give them a humble message from us not to be anxious about their precious daughter while she is here, for we will care for her with the most faithful affection.

You, my son, are held in honor by all the folks of the village. They will be waiting for you with a large band of music at the end of the village, where there is to be a gateway wreathed with flowers. We shall just wait in our own courtyard; and I remain your own father,

BANDI JANOS.

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*Letter Fourth.—From Margit.*

My dearest Mamma,—It is a week already since I left your arms; a whole week since I, too, became a wife, the happiest wife in the world—the wife of Bándi Miklós, son of a poor serf. Is it a dream, or is it the truth? There are moments every now and then when I think it is a dream, a strange dream, and I start up terrified.

It is not that I wonder how I, daughter of the imperial and royal chamberlain, can be the wife of a peasant's son. No! the difficulty now is quite the other way; and at times I am seized with a strange wonder as to whether all that Miklós wrote of his parents' poverty and privations was not, after all, a pretty romance, invented to touch my heart. For, mamma, you must know that I should be unhappy now if my Miklós were not what he is—the son of a poor old man with horny hands.

No! no! all that Miklós wrote was true, from the first word to the last; it

is the real, sweet truth. As for his position, and the wonderful way in which he takes his place in the great world—these are mere accessories. It is the true-hearted man whom I adore—the man who would not lead me to the altar until his life lay before me as an open book, and the son who has never forgotten his parents, in spite of the vanities and glitter with which he has been surrounded.

Oh, mamma! but Miklós's parents are dear, good-looking old folks! I don't know how to describe them. Old Bándi may have been a little taller than Miklós in his young days, and is such a fine old man, just such as my Miklós will be. Though he is seventy years old, the old man's face is as red as a rose—not all over, but just in one spot, as if he had a little rose painted there.

"It is the family complexion," said the old man.

"Then why is not Miklós as rosy?"

"Oh! that's another thing, menyemasszony. His face was just the same until he deserted us."

"The air of Pest, menyemasszony," explained the old dame, "it is that which has washed out his roses."

The old dame! I have not said anything yet about her; and I don't know which of them to begin with. She is all heart and sound sense. It is really marvellous, and what I never could have dreamt.

I shall never forget our arrival. Indeed, it was exactly as the old man had said. There was a band, and an archway, painted and wreathed, and the whole population waiting for us. His Reverence received us and made a beautiful speech.

Miklós stammered out something, but his voice was choked, and my eyes, too, were swimming. I could not see, I only felt that the women and girls were rushing to me and kissing my hands and dress. And yet, what good had I ever done them, poor things?

"The old folks are waiting at home," I heard them say.

Yes, there they were, with the gate standing wide open—an old man in holiday-dress, with his hat off and swim-

ming eyes, and a kind-looking old dame. I don't know whether it was old Bándi or Miklós who helped me down from the carriage. All I do know is that my head rested for a long time on the old dame's bosom, and that she had no voice to say more than "My sweet child!"

When I was released from her dear, kind arms, the old man, whose eyes were still shining, gently took my hand, and, putting his left tenderly on my shoulder, looked fixedly in my face and said just this, and no more: "Now I can believe that you married Miklós for love."

And then, whether we took the old people, or they us, I don't really know, but we stepped into the entry, and from thence into a room on the right—our room—which has been closed to strangers for years, and is just as Miklós described it.

The walls are white, with here a wreath of flowers, there one of wheat-ears, and there a picture, and so on, all round. The pictures are what the old dame has cut from the newspapers and had framed, but they are all the portraits of celebrities. There are wreaths over the beds, too, and all made by the old people. There is not superfluous furniture, but there is all that is necessary. The divan is covered with striped woollen stuff, spun and woven by the old dame. The coverlets on the beds, too—the old dame wove them all. As for the embroidered borders of the pillow-cases and the sewing—why, it is all a work of art! And how clean and neat everything is, in the house and out of it! A flaming red hollyhock pokes its head in at one of the two windows which look into the flower garden. A third window looks into the courtyard, and another, quite small, into the vegetable garden. This is the "spy-hole," from which anyámasszony (my mistress-mother) watches the fowls, to see whether they are scratching among her plants.

Only fancy, mamma; yesterday, as I was looking out of the "spy-hole," I caught sight of an old hen scratching among the cabbages. I "shished" at

her over and over again, but to no purpose.

"Shish! shish! Don't you go scratching up anyámasszony's plants!" but she did not so much as turn round.

*Nosza!* Well, out I ran, caught up a birch-broom in the entry, and so out into the garden. The next moment Mistress Hen was scuttling "over hedges and ditches" with a terrible amount of clucking, I promise you.

Just as I turned round in stepped anyámasszony. She clapped her hands and cried out, "Oh, my sweet, golden-voiced chicken!" in huge delight.

Old Bándi, too, came out all in a hurry, and Miklós with him.

"There now! said apámuram (my Mr. Papa), "there, wife! let us give up the management to the young folks; they would keep everything in fine order, and we could fold our hands and live on what is put ready for us."

"Oh! what ever are you talking of?" scolded the old dame.

"Let him talk," said I; "I like to hear him so much."

And apámuram is joking and telling stories all day long. He goes by the name of the "old hussar" here in the village. That is what anyámasszony calls him too. And he has such a number of interesting stories to tell of the time when he was in the army. He and his father, and grandfather too, were all hussars. Miklós's grandfather went "to foreign parts;" he was in France and saw Paris.

"Ay, but that is a large town," says the old hussar, repeating what he has heard from his father. "Pest is but a village to that."

He knows, though, that Pest has had time to grow a good deal since those days.

Anyámasszony is constantly telling him to be quiet. "Bless you! don't talk so much nonsense! Why, I'm sure you have told the menyemasszony that tale ten times over already!"

And she is quite right. Apámuram tells some of his favorite stories every day; but I listen quite gravely and attentively, and declare to anyámasszony's face that I have not heard *this*

one before, and apámuram is so grateful to me for listening.

Miklós just smiles, presses my hand, and gazes in my face; he, too, is so grateful to me for listening to the old man's stories. And really, mamma, it is quite a pleasure to do so. He has seen so much, and—what I should not have believed—he has read so much. Miklós has always sent him books and newspapers, and one can talk to him about everything except—the theatre. That, he says, he does not understand.

Every night Miklós puts me through an examination.

"Be honest, édesem (my sweet), would you like to go on somewhere else? Which of the baths shall I take you to?"

"I don't want to go anywhere," I protest; "I should like to spend the whole summer here with your old folks."

And it is no affectation, believe me. Wherever we might go it would be all one to me if Miklós were with me. But would anybody anywhere else be so delighted to have me as these good old souls are? I won't part them from their son as long as we can stay. Of course I have parted them, anyhow. In a week or two we shall go, and who knows whether they will ever see us, their most precious treasures, again? They have reared one child, and for whom? For me and no one else!

Would it not be heartless of me to grudge them a few weeks? Why should I not make their last days golden, when by so doing I please not only them and not only God, but myself besides?

Oh, mamma dearest! if you could see the tender, anxious love with which these simple folk surround me! They give themselves no airs to any one, and they make no parade of their happiness. And what care they take never to be in the way of us foolish young lovers!

We often go out in the meadows and rye-fields, and in the wood close by; we visit all the places which Miklós cares for, because he remembers them from his childhood. I always call the old folks to come too, and I see from their



eyes how much they would like to come—indeed, they would toddle with us to the world's end—but come they never will, no not for all the treasures of the earth. They have always some excuse.

"They are not up to going on foot nowadays."

"And going for walks is not for such plain folks as they."

"You just go by yourselves, my dear children, you go. The chimney-corner is the place for the old folks."

"Ay, so it is, so it is!"

But they accompany us as far as the gate. And they don't take their eyes off us as long as we are in sight. We turn round again and again to nod our farewells, and they nod too; and I seem to hear the old dame's voice saying, "Oh, my sweet golden chicken!" (that is I) and the old man muttering, "A fine couple, that they are, a fine couple!"

They stand looking after us a long, long time, even after we have turned down another road, and they gaze and gaze into the distance on the chance of our reappearing somewhere.

No, I will write no more, dearest mamma. I am so infinitely happy that I tremble for fear it should not last. I have everything here but yourselves, I miss nothing but you.

I'll tell you what, my own good mamma: *Come down here.* You and *apuska* (little papa) take us by surprise. You will find a fly at the station. Get in and tell the coachman to drive to Baczon. Then, when you reach the village, there is no need to ask any one where old Bándi János lives. Just let the coachman drive straight on till he comes to a gate ornamented with the device of a dovecot, on the right side of the way.

"But there may be other 'dovecot-gates' besides," you say. And so there are. But *apámuram's* gate bears the following inscription:—

This house was built, God helping them, by Bándi Huszár János, and his wife, Nagy Borbála.

A blessing on those who come in—

Peace to those who go out!

When you have found this gate, drive

boldly in. Come, come! I kiss the hands of you both.

MARGIT.  
SELINA GAYE.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
A WINTER'S WALK.

We too were born in Arcadia.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Our own particular Arcady is of such small acreage that you can go through the length and breadth of it in one afternoon; but a thousand and one afternoons would not exhaust its interests. Those interests are of many kinds; there is the scenery, wood and hill and a little brawling brook; there is the wild life of hedgerow and field; there are the things which antiquarians love, a ruined abbey, a little lonely church; and, lastly, there is the human interest. The population is indeed scanty, and yet there is, or we fondly think there is, more individuality among our few Arcadians than in a whole urban street; certainly through their eyes one sees further into the backward of time.

Let us then attempt to gather together some of our recollections of its old folks, putting them into the form of an afternoon's walk; an imaginary afternoon, indeed, and yet made up of many little scraps, as it were, which are not imaginary at all.

In the field beyond the lane stands old Francis's cottage. The lane is steep; the limestone rock shows all about it, and the channels which the rain of centuries has worn in it are filled with loose stones. To-day, after a wet night, sparkling little streams are running among them; and the great hill opposite is patterned with streams too, but we cannot see them, for the fog is creeping down and blotting out the distance from us. The hedge on each side of the lane is made

up of hazel trees, from which only a few torn leaves hang now like the ragged banners over a monument, of ruddy sloe-bushes, and of hawthorns still covered with their yellow leaves. A tall branch of wild-rose has run up as high as the topmost branches of the blackthorn, and we think what a sweet bunch of pink roses must have crowned the hedge here last June. Wordsworth had delighted in such a sight when it was summer too with him.

Wild-rose tip-toe upon hawthorn  
stocks  
Like a bold girl who plays her agile  
pranks  
At wakes and fairs with wand'ring  
mountebanks,  
When she stands cresting the clown's  
head, and mocks  
The crowd beneath her.

The cottage stands in the field, reached only by a foot-path. Along that foot-path Francis has trudged for more than half a century, his limbs moving slower with the gathering years; and now he is so bent, he moves so stiffly, that the field seems very long to him. The cottage is white-washed outside; within there is no plaster, only more whitewash which does not conceal the unevenness of the stones and mortar. The fastenings of the door, the wooden handle to pull it to, the latch lifted by a leather thong, are Homeric. "She went forth on her way from her room, and pulled to the door with the silver handle and drew home the bar with the thong." A dresser, almost devoid of crockery, a deal table, a few hard chairs,—that is all the furniture. There are no pictures on the white walls, only an almanack from the village shop which absorbs Francis's weekly bit of money. Seventy years of hard work have brought the old man no more of this world's goods than this house and these few poor things.

He is sitting by the fire when we go in, dressed in a corduroy suit, a linen shirt, home-made as you may see by the uneven work in the collar; around

his neck is a colored cotton kerchief tied into a strange bow by his poor, stiff old hands. Mrs. Francis is slowly busy, polishing the grate. She must once have been pretty, and indeed her faded, weary blue eyes are picturesque still as they gleam at you from a faded, weary face. She can hardly "reach to do anything" she tells you; and Francis, coming in tired from his work, turns his hand to most household duties, and before he goes out in the morning it is he who lights the fire and boils the kettle for her breakfast and his own.

The conversation begins of course with the weather. It is an all-important subject to countrymen with their long walks, their long hours of hedging and ditching and of ploughing across heavy fields. Francis says he thought we'd have falling weather since he saw Noah's Ark in the sky o' Monday; Noah's Ark, let us say parenthetically, being some kind of rain-cloud for which the learned have doubtless some other and perhaps less descriptive name.

Then a leading question is put, and the conversation slides away to old days at once. The stocks,—can Francis remember them?

Yes, he can tell us the spot on which they stood, in the churchyard where the road goes by, plain for all folk to see; our ancestors did not think this was a world to hide vices in. But their day was over when Francis was a boy, and he had only heard men speak of those who had been in them. Only the hands of the prisoner were confined; no provision was made for their feet, as seems to have been the more usual plan. And the stocks led him to a more thrilling recollection.

"They did hang people in chains in my mother's time," he went on. "There was a man as murdered his wife, poisoned her in a cup of broth. As they took him off to the Assizes, he did laugh and say he'd be up-side of his accusers yet. But he was up-side o' them on the top of a gibbet when they brought 'un back. He was hung up like a sign-board outside a

public, my mother did say, and the chains would go screēak, screēak, screēak, when there was a bit of wind. The boys used to go out on the green opposite the castle, where the gibbet was, and call to 'un, 'Come home to your dinner, Johnnie Jones.' That was their play, I suppose. But there was a man as they did call Will the Whistler; he wasn't hardly as sharp as he should a' been, and folks got persuading him as there was money hid under the post of the gibbet, and one windy night he went and dug there, and the post did blow down, and then they took up the remains and buried them, I suppose."

Then he goes on to tell us something about ghosts. "They do say,"—so many of his reminiscences begin thus, for your Arcadian will not vouch for more than he has himself seen—"They do say as there was a ghost under the bridge, and folks did not like passing it o' nights, for one Mr. Vaughan,—his sperrit, however—did come about there a-terrifying of people. There was Passon Davies and some other passons, and they brought their books and their cannles to lay the ghost because he didn't let folks have no rest. They had books as could lay ghosts and books as could raise them, so they do tell me. And they laid 'un, though they'd a hard task to do it, and if he'd a' overcome them, they'd have been there now, sure. Passon Davies, he called out, 'Not so fierce, Mr. Vaughan, not so fierce,' for some of the cannles did go out and some did burn blue and summat. And Mr. Vaughan, he called out too, and he said, 'I was severe as a man, and I'm severe now I'm a sperrit.' Why did he come about that bridge? Mebbe he'd murdered some one there, or done summat. There's no saying what he might a' done." And besides Parson Davies there was a certain Dr. Evans who had books which could raise and lay ghosts. Francis has a story to tell of how a girl once "got reading one of his books as could raise ghosts, unbeknownst to him; and I suppose if she'd read a bit

further she'd a' had company in the room before long. But he came in just in time to stop her afore she got to the reading as could raise them." It was curious to hear the awestruck voice in which he said this.

Much of the old man's talk would seem flat enough, no doubt, in the cold malignity of print; and for some, which might bear it, we cannot now find room. But room we must find for one of his ballads. Mrs. Francis once told us that as she sat by the fire feeling very bad with bronchitis, Francis had repeated many of his old songs to her to cheer her up. Enchanting visions of old ballads rose to our mind when we heard of them; but alas! they were disappointing. They were of the middle Georgian era, and were destitute of all the older ballad-note, "born out of long ago." We will end our recollections of Francis for the present with one of his songs; the Bold Dragon he called it, but the dragon proved to be only a dragoon of King George's after all.

A soldier, a soldier, a valiant man was he,

He courted a lady of very high degree;  
Her fortune was so large, it never could be told,

And she loved the soldier because he was so bold.

"My father is a knight, a knight of high renown,

If I should wed a soldier, 'twould bring his honor down,

For your birth and mine, love, it never would agree,

So take it for a warning, bold soldier," said she.

"No warning, no warning, no warning will I take,

I'll either wed or die for my true lover's sake."

The hearing of this news, it made her heart to bleed,

And straightways to the church, and were married with speed.

And when they were married and coming home again

She spied her father coming with seven armed men.

She said, "My dearest dear, both of us shall be slain."

"Fear none of them at all," said the valiant dragon.

"Ride on, ride on, my dear, we ha' no time to prattle;

You see they all are armed, and fixed for the battle!"

Then he drew his broadsword, which made their bones to rattle,

And the lady held the horse while the dragon fought the battle.

"Oh hold thy hand, dear dragon, dear dragon, hold thy hand,

And thou shalt have my daughter and ten thousand pound in land!"

"Fight on," says the lady, "the portion is too small!"

"Oh hold thy hand, dear dragon, thou shalt be heir to all!"

And here we must leave old Francis, a pathetic figure, surely, sitting by his cinder fire and repeating his ballads of youth and happiness. He is a very mine of information as to the old life of the district, and for our part we could listen to him, as indeed we have listened before now, all a winter's afternoon; but our readers might be less patient, and there are other dwellers in our Arcady.

Retracing our steps down the lane (we believe it is a highroad, but the highroads here are like lanes in their beauty and perhaps in their roughness), we come to the new bridge and there we see old Edwards looming large through the damp autumn mist. He has his great hedging-gloves on, and is turning a wild, tangled hedge into a neat but very dull one. We like these old hedging-gloves with their one space for the four fingers and another for the thumb. They have their likeness on a *miserere* of the fourteenth century in Worcester Cathedral; and we please ourselves by thinking that those of to-day are no great improvement on those of five centuries ago, as roughly stitched and as unfinished. Edwards wears a smock (a frock we call it here), another old-fashioned garment, but one which is singularly con-

venient for wet work, as it is made of a material strong enough and stout enough to resist any rain. But smocks are little worn now; and Mrs. Jones, who used to make them, material and smocking complete, for twelve-and-sixpence, has little demand for her work. We ask after Mrs. Edwards, who was ill, and gone to the homely little workhouse in the valley to be cared for better than old Edwards could care for her in his poor house on the hillside exposed to all the winds that blew. "She died yesterday," he said, and put his head down on the gate and cried.

Some natural tears he shed, but wiped them soon

with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. And then (do not think he did not really grieve, for indeed he did in his own fashion), he was telling us how she had been as good-looking a girl as ever stepped when he married her, and not one to go chanting about (chattering, we suppose). "But she was allus one as did complain, you mind, if things didn't go straight. Folks have said as I wasn't good to her, but I was. I never heft my hand on her, though mebbe I'd got the drink sometimes. I knew summat must have happened afore they sent to tell me, for the door fied open twice yesterday, and they did allus say that was a sign of summat." Then he goes off to the bridge by which he is working. Those were awkward corners to it, he thought; a man in drink might smash his ribs against them any day. To the moral that a man should not be in drink, he assents very readily. Ay, soberness, that's the thing; soberness is the main thing.

And now we come to a house which is plain enough outside, built of the colorless grey stone of the district and with a grey stone-tilted roof, but which inside has an individuality all its own from the old furniture, the curious old odds and ends from a vanished world, which it contains. But despite these treasures there is a forsaken look about the place. Mrs. Cole

is old and ill; a neighbor comes to look after her once or twice a day, but the rest of the time she is alone. She cannot read; she does not sleep much, she tells us. We wondered what thoughts she had as she sat there, what backward glances into that wonderful past in which she had lived. The life of to-day hardly touched her, and seemed to interest her very little; but, like old Francis, she has many recollections of older times, although they naturally take a more housewifely and domestic form than do his. She had lived in the days when there were spinning-wheels in every house, and when the weavers' looms were always full of work. She had lived in the days of flints and steels, and remembered how difficult it was for numbed fingers to strike a light on those winter mornings, which seemed to be many degrees colder than those of to-day. Her account of the manufacture of rush-lights took one back to White's Selborne and the chapter on this industry, which, even when he wrote a hundred and twenty years ago, was dying out in his Hampshire; a testimony, surely, to the greater persistence with which old customs have lingered on in this remote Arcady of ours. Another wonderful recollection was of a leather suit of clothes worn by her father and very old-fashioned, as she told us, even in his day; a survival hardly of the fittest, for it was, she said, "mortal cold and stiff" for a day's hedging in wet February.

The time did not seem to be wearisome to her, beyond the weariness of illness; she was very patient and never complained. Other lives we know of spent thus alone, and by choice, not necessity. On the hillside, in a little whitewashed hovel, lived, and may live still, an old man;

The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

We first met him moving solemnly among the brown fern by his house on a November afternoon, carrying a load of it for bedding for some of those creatures whose companionship was a necessity to him in his lonely

life, and for whose comfort he was more careful than for his own. He wore no coat, but over his shoulders was a sack fastened together by a rusty nail. Yes, he had a coat in the house, he said, but he did not trouble to wear it. He had blankets, too, a parcel of blankets sent him by a friend, but he had not undone them; sacks and such-like coverings did well enough for him. Was not that load of fern heavy? No, not particular heavy, but he was getting old in years. He was eighty-five come next Christmas day. But why did he live up here all alone? It must be cold and lonely in the winter. No, he liked it; he had always been used to being lonesome, you see. Those whom he liked did not like him, and those who liked him he did not like; thus he summed up his life's romance, a history not singular indeed. As we left he thanked us for our visit. "It's very good of you to come and see carrion like me," he said, using a Shakespearian word. "Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him?" asked Mrs. Ford of Mrs. Page.

The picture of that stooping figure under its load of withered fern, and the shadowed gloom and chill of the little homestead, for which already the sun had set although it was still shining on the opposite hill with a wan autumnal light, was very solemn, very sad. And yet we think the old man was happy in his own way, wanting no alleviation from the outer world, occupied with his own slow toils, thinking his own few thoughts.

But let us leave these sad ones. There is another house by the roadside into which we must look; a very contrast to that of Mrs. Cole with its Jacobean oak furniture and the, what might almost be Jacobean, dust upon it. It is the village shop, and, like most other village shops, its trade has suffered by the grocers' carts from the far-away towns which now penetrate even into this wilderness. But nothing can diminish that cheerfulness which Ann Price, licensed to sell snuff and tobacco, as the board over her



door announces, always keeps in stock. Her daughter, known as Poll of the Shop, was married last week to a fair-haired, blue-eyed Arcadian, and a very pretty village wedding it was, although Davy, the bridegroom, disturbed its solemnity somewhat by searching in every one of his huge pockets with hands covered by gloves with mile-long fingers at the moment when he should have produced the ring, and saying audibly, "I expect I ha' lost 'un!"

Mrs. Price is at home, dressed for the afternoon in a close-fitting black cap, a stuff dress made after the fashion of fifty years ago, and a many-colored check shawl over her shoulders. Mr. Price, too, has just come in, and although straight from work and stained with the red soil of the district, he looks curiously fresh and neat; indeed, nothing which was not so could find a home here. But he sits on a chair near the door, and glances nervously at his muddy boots, as if the lady of his house might resent their presence on her clean floor, which is freshly marked out with bands of whitening round the edges of those great flagstones of which it is made. The polished dresser, the china tea-service (given to her on her wedding, she tells us), the gleaming grate, the fire which seems to burn brighter here than anywhere else; it is a pretty cottage picture.

Strangely enough, though Mr. and Mrs. Price are the happiest couple in the parish and make their fourteen shillings a week go further than any one else can make them go, their conversation always turns, albeit cheerfully, on the general decadence of people and things. To-day the falling-off in the girls of the district (with a little pleasant pride, perhaps, in her own good Polly) is her theme. The subject was introduced by hearing a clatter of horse's hoofs outside, and by seeing ride by from market (no very surprising sight here) the servant-girl from the neighboring farm, dressed in all her Sunday finery, roses in her large hat, and a big market-basket on her

arm. Girls are that gigglety, Mrs. Price says. At the fair last week, she wouldn't have known the girls from their mistresses, they were that dressed, their hats and all! And then old Price takes up the tale. "Ay, but they don't keep girls like they did use to at the farms. We were counting a many housen round where they have nurrin [none]. And when I was a young chap there were a sight of squires about here, and now look at the place. I don't know what do all the folks, I'm sure."

But Mrs. Price turns on him severely, mindful, maybe, of those muddy boots. "The gentlefolks won't care to hear about them things," she says, cutting him short in what we hoped was going to be something very interesting on the subject of agricultural depression from a laborer's point of view; and he sinks into silence in his chair by the door.

But now the short grey autumn afternoon is over.

Eve lets down her veil.

The white fog creeps from bush to bush about.

No sound of bird or beast breaks the intense stillness as we cross the high lawns towards home; there is no movement even among the sodden bents above the wet grass. Solitary sheep steal silently up, like ghosts out of the mist, stare dumbly at you, and then stalk away to greater solitudes; and they are the only sign of life. This is Arcady seen at its worst perhaps; and yet even at its worst it has charms for some of us.

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From *The Revue des Deux Mondes*.  
A MODERN "MORALITY."

In the plead of our young dramatic authors M. Brioux occupies a distinct and singularly honorable place. The rest are all Parisians, dissipated, ill-humored, disenchanted. M. Brioux is no Parisian, neither in spirit, for he is

absolutely innocent of *blague* or irony practised for its own sake, nor in the choice of his subjects. "Blanchette," "Réboval" and "Gear" (*l'Engrenage*) are provincial comedies. His very first piece, "Artists' Homes" (*Ménages d'Artistes*) was remarkable, as I remember it, for a certain wholesome directness, which appeared simply marvellous upon the shameless boards of the Théâtre Libre. Unlike many of our most brilliant writers, M. Brieux has an exceedingly clear and sure perception of the difference between good and evil, and he is fond of emphasizing this distinction. There is a touch of Poor Richard in him, or of Simon of Nantua. He makes no hunt for rare and nice cases of conscience. He shows his good sense by not shrinking from the commonplace of morality. All his pieces are didactic comedies. They might almost better be called *Moralities* or even *Banalities*. "It is not good to educate poor girls above their station," (*Blanchette*). "Pharasaism, even when honest, is not virtue." (*Monsieur de Réboval*). "Politics are terribly demoralizing." (*l'Engrenage*). Each one of these pieces is, from beginning to end, and without deviation, a methodical demonstration of its own maxim. Where M. Brieux is eminently original is in possessing a spirit, not so much bold and daring—which is common enough—as genuinely brave. He approaches those great questions which concern our common humanity as an independent teacher of keen intellect, sound judgment, and a warm heart. Yet this candid preacher is also a close, truthful, and often very penetrating observer of average humanity, and he contrives somehow to impart, even to his most chilling subjects, a certain degree of warmth and color. The marvel is that his "*Moralities*" *live*.

His latest production "The Benefactors" (*Les Bienfaiteurs*) is a didactic comedy like the others, but glowing with philanthropic zeal, and happily enlivened by shrewd and satirical observation. It begins and proceeds,

after the regular fashion of the improving tale. A certain "gold-king" drops out of the clouds and places his millions at the disposition of the engineer Laudrecy and his wife Pauline, thus enabling them to set about realizing those dreams of charity, which they have hitherto made the mistake of confounding with the various forms of alms-giving. I cannot understand how the idea of the piece should ever have been considered obscure or uncertain. The whole end and aim of it is to illustrate the futility of administrative patronizing, fashionable charity, its disadvantages both for the helpers and the helped. It is a series of tableaux, each one of which *proves* a point in the thesis. In one part we have successively exhibited, first, vanity; second, pretentiousness; third, obtuseness; fourth, silliness; fifth, hypocrisy; sixth, rivalries—ladies who conduct their "works" with fuss and chatter. Then we are shown the stiff, cold, suspicious "benefactor" who distrusts himself and is afraid of being "done," and so on; in a word both benefactors and benefactresses corrupted by the way in which they bestow their benefits. Elsewhere is exposed the corresponding corruption of the beneficiaries, by a vicious manner of giving; their envy and hostilely augmented by a sense of frightful condescension on the part of those who give; and how the latter, preoccupied with picturesque "unfortunates"—repentant prostitutes and regenerate galley-slaves,—incline of necessity to the lazy, the vicious, the liars and drunkards, to the exclusion of the honest and hard-working poor. The consequence is that while the administrative charity of Pauline is supplying food and drink to all manner of hussies and humbugs, one poor woman kills herself and her three children; and in spite of higher wages, schools, orphanages, free pharmacies, and bureaus of assistance, the more the Laudrecy hands get the more they want, until at last they go on strike. The "gold-king" meanwhile is looking on at the twofold experiment and laughing in his sleeve

... Such as it is, with its commanding merits, and its undisguised defects. "The Benefactors," though exceedingly interesting, might strike one as a little hard (for, after all, these clumsy benefactors have almost all of them the best intentions; it is better to give ill than not to give at all, and it might seem, to borrow Augier's witticism, as though the chief discovery of M. Brieux about charity, is that one had better not attempt it) were not the generous thought of the author made as clear as daylight by the careful juxtaposition of two remarkable scenes. The first is where the workman Pluvillage comes to Laudrecy for comfort and counsel, and is briefly dismissed with a five-franc piece. The second is where the same workman tells his master the woful tale of his wife's death, and the master, entirely overcome, grasps the poor fellow's hand and lets him sob on his shoulder. These two episodes may not be the most novel in the work but their lesson is unmistakable.

That lesson is, that charity, or, more correctly, alms-giving, however abundant, and even were it possible, which it is not, to give it an organization less hard and fast than that of a government office, is never enough. There is need, beside, of kindness, open-heartedness, and a familiar intercourse between rich and poor. A little humility even might not be out of place. In a story which I have read, and the purport of which was to develop a truism analogous to that of M. Brieux, a rich man, after practising a lavish and contemptuous charity, becomes convinced of his mistake and expresses himself thus: "Pascal was right when he said: *The poor must be served after the fashion of the poor.* We must get inside their hearts, and not look down upon them for the degradation and the narrowness of mind, to which we too would have been reduced, had we been crushed by the same necessities. Let us love them at least for their resignation, remembering that if they were to rise in their united wrath they could sweep the rich off the face of

the earth like so much chaff. Let us look carefully for some lingering vestige in them of dignity, of nobility. Most of all let us serve them in *humility*. As we would resign ourselves to our own sufferings, even so must we resign ourselves to the misery of others, in so far as it offends our delicacy. In attempting to relieve, we must not revolt against it; but accept it, as we accept the mysterious purposes of Him who knows the reason of things. The end of creation is not to produce plastic beauty, but to promote moral goodness."

There is a flavor of Christian mysticism about this, but any one may accept,—as I do fully,—the more *laical* conclusions of M. Brieux. I would also remind him that attempts have already been made to realize his idea. In London, and even, I am assured, in Paris, fine ladies have elected to live intimately, and on a footing of equality with the wives and daughters of the poor districts. They have a house,—a sort of modest club,—where they dispense tea and cake and *talk* and where they go handsomely dressed, for the express purpose of showing that they put no force upon themselves, but are there as veritable friends. Every west-end lady has her east-end favorite, with whom she gossips as women will, who confides in her, and in whom she confides, whom she calls by a pet-name. Nor have I any doubt that there are excellent beings, who engage in this work with a touching good-faith. But I cannot help fearing that for every one who tastes in a reunion of this kind the pure joy of a return to "simplicity," there are several light and inquisitive spirits, who merely go in for the fun of keeping low company, and the *sensation* of being hand and glove for the moment, with some youthful outcast. What sort of things do they say to one another, I wonder, as they come away?

Oh, how hard it is, in the first place, to practise as much charity as we ought, and, in the second place, to practise it as we ought, and efficaciously! And yet it ought to be very

easy, for it is all taught in the New Testament. It is most unfortunate that, over and above the selfishness which life itself infuses into individual men, the economic conditions of our huge modern societies and the wall of partition which they build up between the rich and the poor, render simply impossible the practice of the entire Gospel. Misery will never be eliminated until all men have become very good. I say *all*, and all as *good as possible*. But the phrase "as good as possible" implies the renunciation of almost everything; a life consecrated to others; a life, to all intents and purposes of sanctity. The admirable truth is, therefore, that humanity tends toward the extinction of misery exactly in proportion as it tends toward interior perfection; and our spiritual and economic safety will be found to coincide on the extreme limits of the ideal.

It is well to think of these things and the works of M. Brioux which compels us to think of them, sometimes very painfully, is worthy of all respect and approbation. Go and look upon this picture drawn by one who is often an excellent artist, and always a perfectly honest man. You will find it by turns amusing and in the best sense of the word "edifying" and you will occasionally have the added pleasure of gratifying some private antipathy by the method of applause. "The Benefactors" is played with consummate ease and skill by M. Coquelin, and with remarkable talent by his son and others of his supporters.

Translated for THE LIVING AGE from Jule Lemaitre.

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From The Speaker.  
THE PURITAN IN HISTORY.

Mr. S. R. Gardiner, in the first of the Ford lectures on Cromwell, with which he has been instructing and charming Oxford, spoke of Puritanism as "a sort of backwater" in the main

stream or volume of English thought and life. It is easy to mistake the meaning of a lecturer who speaks out of his vast wealth of knowledge to an audience much less specially informed than himself, and mistake is still more easy when one whose strength lies in his mastery of detail falls for the nonce into generalities, which are certain to be interpreted in either too vague or too definite a sense. But what puzzled at least one of his hearers were the illustrations or proofs he used. They were more curious than conclusive. He cited three names to show what a small place Puritanism filled in the mind of Elizabethan and early Jacobean England—those of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Hooker. Hooker's polity was indeed anti-Puritan, but his theology was not. Calvin was to him "incomparably the wisest man that ever the French Church had enjoyed, since the hour it enjoyed him;" and while he disagreed strenuously with the Genevan polity, yet with the theology which was its basis he was in all essentials at one. Bacon was, if anything, a latitudinarian and an Erastian, but nothing so little as a Laudian or a believer in any *jure divino* claim for any sacred or civil office, whether named priesthood or kingship. He is as clear as any Puritan as to the distinction between the "visible" and the "invisible" Church. His notes of the "visible" are the familiar Puritan notes; and he distinguishes the Church and the Scriptures in a manner that would have satisfied any Puritan. The one was the tabernacle which had the custody and handing down of the Scriptures; the other was the testimony which was the very soul of the tabernacle. The affinities, too, of his thought, as far as it concerned the relation of God to nature and man, were Puritan rather than Anglican. As to Shakespeare, what Church or system can claim him? He was a son of Elizabethan England, but how much of its history could we reconstruct from his plays? What of the wonderful feats of the men who made the English name a terror on

the high seas and laid the foundation of our naval supremacy could we learn from him? And what of the conflict with Spain and the fate of the Grand Armada, and the sudden awakening of England from an insular to a really large and catholic life? As a simple matter of fact, we know from him as little of the civil, the naval, or the military exploits of England in his own day, and even of its social and political conditions, as we know of its religious. His mind may be a mirror of his world, but we can hardly describe his world as English save by the art or esoteric interpretation, which is as likely to be the creation of the interpreter's dreams as the reflections of the author's mind. We have indeed in his historical dramas great events of English history described, but they were the events of a day which preceded his own, and their interest may well be said to be dramatic—i.e., human rather than historical. It is humanity that interests him, its passions, its disappointments, its loves and illusions, its infinite complexity of temper and state, its infinite variety of character and motive and end. Shakespeare speaks for no party. All may claim him, but none can own him. He has the variety of the universal and its impersonality as well. He is the child of no sect, the spokesman of no tendency. He is larger than even his own large age, for he is *man*, and all that is human is akin to him. And so he can be as little cited to illustrate the tendency personified in Hooker as the ideas impersonated in Cartwright.

It was strange indeed to hear the two men, who represent neither of the dominant theological and ecclesiastical tendencies of their time, cited to prove the ephemeral character of one of them, and that the very tendency which the only Englishman of the period who can claim to be named beside them distinctly embodied. Spenser, alike in the essence of his thought and his attitude to the clergy, was Puritan. We have but to recall his Algrind, Archbishop Grindal, and his censure of the shepherds who

Matched themselves with mighty potentates,  
Lovers of lordship, and troublers of states.

His elaborate and involved allegories, each lying within and running through the other in rich profusion, disguise rather than express his meaning; but the ethical ideas that possessed him and that were the motive of all his poetry show him to have been thoroughly penetrated with the Puritan spirit. In the next generation, when its creative power can be measured, we see it embodied not only in statesmen like Eliot and Pym, Hampden and Cromwell, but in the man who of all the poets of our English tongue has most clearly the note of intellectual distinction. For Milton is not only in the severity of his spirit and in his political associations, but in the whole attitude of his mind, in the texture of his character, in the convictions that he held with such impassioned strength. the Puritan *par excellence*. And he is by no means the exceptional product he is often taken to be. In scholarship the foremost English classic was Thomas Gataker, and Gataker was a Presbyterian—even a member of the famous Westminster Assembly. Another member of the same famous assembly was possibly the greatest of all English Hebraists, John Lightfoot. And we may say that the Cambridge Platonists were the true children of Cambridge Puritanism. What Gataker was on the side of classical literature, they were on the side of classical thought. They were, all of them, formed in Puritan colleges by Puritan teachers out of Puritan men, and from the side of its thought they were legitimate developments. Indeed, it would hardly be either a paradox or an extravagance were we to say we owe to Puritanism all that is most picturesque in the English thought and life of the seventeenth century. George Fox, indeed, as Mr. Gardiner suggested, represented a strong reaction against the harsher Calvinistic theology and the dry and formal worship which had then become too common; but in the



basis of his belief, in his doctrine of internal illumination, the light of the Divine Spirit in man, in his aversion to priests, in his conviction that the illuminated people were the vehicle through which God spoke and worked, Fox was essentially the child of Puritan tradition. His failure to see this essential affinity is one of the most serious defects in Dr. Hodgkin's otherwise admirable book. John Bunyan is a representative man if ever there was one in the England of his day, and he, like Fox, shows the degree in which Puritanism had penetrated the common nature of the English people, transfigured it, and possessed it with an idealism and an imagination which had before seemed alien to all its temper and all its works. And in a field where it gets all too little credit for its achievements it contributed to form a distinctive English trait; it made and realized our idea of congregational worship. Our popular psalmody was largely its creation—the hymn it loved and inspired, and taught the congregation to feel that praise was not a matter for the choir and the highest act of worship no affair of the priest, but both alike the equal concern of the collective people. And from this has come all the highest poetry of our English common life.

It would be possible to illustrate *ad infinitum* the right of Puritanism to be described as the central current of the great stream of English life, but it were too large a task to be here attempted. In a matter of this kind, of course, much depends on definitions. The distinctive element in Puritanism may be described as either a theology or a polity. It would be more correct to say that it was a polity built upon a theology. The theology was by no means peculiar to it. The Lambeth Articles, or for that matter even the authoritative XXXIX, were more extreme in their Calvinism than the Scotch Confession of 1560. Then Whitgift was as much a Calvinist as Cartwright, Hooker as Travers. Where they differed was as regards the political doctrines which this the-

ology involved. Two political ideas came logically from what is known as Calvinism. The first was that God was no respecter of persons, or, in other words, the equality of man before him, and so the doctrine that office as office made no difference in his eyes to the value of the man. It was alien to the very notion of Calvinism that sanctity should belong as by divine right to certain persons because of the office they filled. The second idea was that it was through his elect that God lived in the world and governed it; that therefore the religious society took precedence of the secular and could not by it be controlled. Out of the first principle came the idea that kings, courts, and magistrates held their office from God but through the people and for the people's good. Out of the second principle came the idea that the State could not control the Church; that the Church was under the authority of its own Head, and that were the king as head of the State to interfere with the Church, he would intrude into a sphere where he was no sovereign but only a subject. The combination of these two principles gave the Puritan movement its specially political character, though, of course, they did not both at once or all at once emerge into explicit and regulative potency. In Scotland they formed the basis at once of George Buchanan's theory of monarchy and of Andrew Melville's resistance to James VI., and in England they are the underlying assumptions, though not always as consciously perceived and explicated principles, in the whole Puritan literature, from Cartwright's "Admonition to Parliament" to Milton's polemic against Salmasius. Of course another and qualifying idea came in which may be expressed thus—viz., that there was a literature which exhibited the truth as to these things and a society which was their most perfect embodiment—the literature and the Church of the New Testament.

Now it was this that became the basis of the entire civil struggle of the Puritans in England, and we may say

that they have been governing ideas in the mind of the English people from then till now. And from this point of view it would be true to say that the Jacobean and Laudian movements were the "backwater" and the Puritan the main stream. For what was the fate of both the Stuart theory and practice in England. The first and immediate result was the civil war and the Puritan revolution. When the revolution had spent itself and the Stuart returned, he returned to exercise power for a single generation. He entered in 1660; he was finally dismissed in 1688; and that dismissal was the ultimate result, for it signified the final breakdown of the theory, so far as the English people were concerned, alike in Church and State. I do not say, of course, that the Whig was a duplicate of the Puritan revolution, but I do not only say that the one made the other possible, but also that the Whig was the victory of principles, though in a very imperfect form, which the Puritan had affirmed and made good. Where the Whig revolution failed most completely was where the Puritan was most in earnest—in the matter of the Church. From that failure we all suffer to-day. It is the source of the perplexity which confounds us in our present politics. The revolution of 1688 recognized that the monarchy must be broad-based upon the people's will; that the institutions which expressed the collective life of the State must be in harmony with the minds it organized. But in its ecclesiastical policy it made a double mistake; made the Church subordinate to the State and attempted to maintain an ecclesiastical system which only identity with the State would have justified. For while England is monarchical, it is not in the same sense or degree episcopal, and the attempt to maintain an ecclesiastical polity which exacts uniformity in a State where ecclesiastical uniformity has long been recognized to be impossible, involves a multitude of injustices which those who have suffered from them would be less and worse than human were

they slow to feel. This has a very present moral—viz., If the policy Parliament pursues in education proceeded on the principle that there were as valid and as real religious societies outside as inside the Established Church, that the English Church in the only sense in which it is compatible with our civil constitution must be co-extensive with the English people, and that they, as a people, are quite adequate custodians, of their own religious traditions and beliefs, well qualified and well disposed to vindicate and maintain the same by the ordinary methods and agencies of their public life—we should have fewer bitter controversies, sweeter ecclesiastical relations, and an early and reasonable settlement of the many questions touching the management of the schools for the people. But the Puritan revolution will not be finally accomplished till the independence of the Church from the State in all that concerns the Church's real and inner life be affirmed and recognized within the realm of England.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

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From *The Saturday Review*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF COVENTRY PATMORE.

Coventry Patmore's work as an author is conspicuous and permanent; but as a man he was less widely known than most of his literary rank, and from his changes of residence, environment, and opinion, he was beheld under very different lights by those who at various periods enjoyed his acquaintance. My acquaintance with him extended over what was, perhaps, the most interesting part of his life, and for a long time almost amounted to intimacy; it may not, therefore, be amiss to offer a few reminiscences while the feelings aroused by his loss are fresh and vivid.

When I came, a mere lad, to work in the Library of the British Museum, I was introduced to all my colleagues

with one, doubtless accidental, exception. I was some time before finding out who the tall, spare, silent man was who, alone of the assistants, sat in the King's Library; who, though perfectly urbane when he did converse, seemed rather among than of the rest of the staff, and who appeared to be usually entrusted with some exceptional task, now cataloguing a mighty collection of sermons from the King's Library gallery, now the pamphlets of the French Revolution. His diligence was certainly exemplary, though he was not considered a particularly able assistant from the librarian's point of view, and made no pretensions to extensive linguistic attainments or bibliographic lore. I came in time to know that he was a poet, but hardly recognized as such by his colleagues, and I was as unable as they to make anything of his poems of 1844, then only accessible in the first crude version. "Tamerton Church Tower," or rather its appendages, conveyed more to me; and my acquaintance with him, till then of the slightest, became intimate when I ventured to express to him my appreciation of "The Betrothal" (1854). I presumed, however, to find some fault with what appeared to me the unevenness of some of the verses, and the imperfection of some of the rhymes. I well remember the seriousness with which he took my boyish criticism, and the earnestness with which he adjured me to declare, did I think him careless or negligent? No? then I might think as I pleased about the verses; but an imputation of poetical slovenliness he would never submit to. This was the prelude to a long series of conversations, in which I learned lessons invaluable for prose as well as verse. All the faults to which a young writer is most prone found in him a severe censor and an unanswerable antagonist. The subordination of parts to the whole, the necessity of every part of a composition being in keeping with all the others, the equal importance of form with matter, absolute truth to nature, sobriety in simile and metaphor, the wisdom of main-

taining a reserve of power—these and kindred maxims were enforced with an emphasis most salutary to a young hearer just beginning to write in the heyday of the "spasmodic school." I discovered after a while that my teacher did not always exemplify his own precepts; that his one principal work was an assemblage of detached beauties without true vital unity; but I saw, too, that this was from no infidelity to his own creed, but from lack of faculty to exemplify it as he would have wished; that, although a poet, he was not an artist. I found the same inability to combine separate excellences into a whole to pervade his criticism; his strictures on single passages were almost infallible, but he seemed unable to obtain a just view of an author as a whole. If there be truth in phrenology, his head must have wanted the organ of Sublimity. He seemed comparatively insensible to the grandeur of even the greatest poets, but no one possessed a more exquisite discernment of their more subtle and recondite beauties. Goethe's "Faust," for instance, did not appeal to him; but he was enthusiastic, as well as discriminating, in his praise of the same poet's "Alexis and Dora." His attitude towards contemporary poetry was negative—far too much so. He would not unfairly run down the works of others, but I never could believe that he took much pleasure in them. He reproved me seriously for overpraising the first poems of William Morris in a journal to which we both contributed. I had, he said, screwed the pitch of the paper a note too high, and he should be obliged to give all subsequent poets more praise than they deserved to put them into their true relative position towards the young pre-Raphaelite. At the same time, his judgment in these things as well as in political matters was liable to gusts of paradox and caprice. I have known him extravagantly extol a very middling poet on the strength of a single line that had taken his fancy. I should not do justice to his endowments either as critic or poet

if I omitted to mention his extraordinary keenness as an observer of nature. Nothing seemed to escape him; the descriptions in his poems are accurate to the minutest detail; and he was no mere observer of natural phenomena, but meditated profoundly on their problems. I once heard him hold forth eloquently on the thesis that the apparent confusion of the starry heavens must be the most beautiful order if we could only see it, and not long afterwards read in the MS. of "Faithful for Ever:—"

The bright disorder of the stars  
Is solved by music.

After we had become in a measure intimate, Patmore fell into a habit of showing me his newly written verses, and was always most indulgently ready to look at mine. His composition was rapid. I have frequently seen twenty or more lines which he had written, he said, in the last half-hour, and refashioning was rarely needful, though he was an unwearied corrector in minor details. In these minutiae I was, I think, of some service to him; and I believe it was at my instance that the change of a note of exclamation into a note of interrogation was made which obliterated the unreason of the first version of "Tamerton Church Tower." It was natural that I should become a visitor at his house, and see the choicest of his possessions, his wife. This admirable lady, her husband's apotheosis notwithstanding, never impressed me as an "Angel," but rather as a queen ruling by love and wisdom, "a creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food," wise, witty, frank, gracious, hospitable, without flaw or blemish that I could ever discover, but perfectly at home in this terrestrial sphere. Yet the advance of consumption, of which she must have been fully aware, seemed to throw no shadow upon her spirit, and the care of her numerous young family appeared to cause no effort or uneasiness. Her appearance is well described by her husband, when he sings—

Her Norman face,  
Her large brown eyes, clear lakes of love.  
The expenses of her illness, and of a family of six children, were very trying to Patmore, but he fought them bravely by the help of reviewing work, which, from his unfortunate want of interest in contemporary literature, was singularly distasteful to him. Yet there was enough to give the house an air of distinction—velvet chairs, well-bound books, drawings by Rossetti, Hunt, and Millais. There was no ostentation, but just enough to bespeak refined taste and lofty self-respect, and a willingness to submit to some privation for their gratification—the same feeling which in later and more opulent years sent Patmore to the best portrait-painter south of the Tweed. The company was choice as well as the furniture. I do not remember having met an uninteresting person, and I have recollections of frequent encounters with Woolner and the two Rossettis. I remember discussions on Walt Whitman, anticipating much that has been said since; and on Madeline Smith, whom the young men of taste and genius of that day were disposed to regard as a modern Joan of Arc, inasmuch as she was thought to have poisoned her lover. Poor and proud, and always ready to deem himself undervalued, Patmore did not go much into society. I have heard him speak, however, of meetings with Carlyle and Ruskin, Browning and Palgrave. The three latter were numbered among his friends, and he was at one time intimate with Tennyson. The manuscript of whose "In Memoriam" he rescued from the kitchen of a lodging-house. I may give one anecdote illustrative at once of his humor and his sensitiveness. He had been asked to meet a popular novelist, with a clear hint that the latter was esteemed the bigger lion. "I suppose," he said to me, "that I ought to feel as proud as a cod's head and shoulders brought to the same table as a pheasant." He *was* proud, though not exactly of that. But be it recorded to his honor that I never heard him ex-

press so much satisfaction at anything as the thought that, notwithstanding the strain upon his slender means, Mrs. Patmore had wanted for nothing in her illness. "She could not," he said, "have been better cared for if she had been an empress."

The crotchety side of Patmore's mind found ample development in his views on politics, where he was peculiarly unprofitable. He would dogmatize to any extent, but seemed unable to produce an argument; and, although painting what he deemed the evils of the time in the blackest colors, he would not take the least practical step to remedy them by so much as voting at an election. "*Spia-cente a Dio ed al nemici suoi.*" Of his religious views I will only record that some years before he joined the Church of Rome, he told me that he believed the bulk of the nation would become Roman Catholic ere long. I said that I thought this improbable. He seemed surprised and added that he for his part would have no objection to profess himself a Roman Catholic but for the denial of the cup to the laity, which he could not digest. I am perfectly certain, however, that he would never have taken this step if the first Mrs. Patmore had lived. *Au reste*, he might call himself Roman Catholic or Protestant as he pleased,

but he was not and never could be anything but a Patmorean. Many a man has been burned for less than his letter to the Omar Khayyam Club, written only a few days before his death.

Patmore's retirement from the museum and residence in the country drew us apart, and although there was no interruption of mutual regard, our meetings were comparatively infrequent. I have confined these reminiscences to the period when I knew him intimately. In endeavoring to sketch the man I have in a measure conveyed my opinion of his writings. Neither "The Angel in the House" nor the "Odes" are quite satisfactory as wholes; the foundations of the former are sandy, its view of domestic relations is open to grave exception, and it remains incomplete because it could not be completed. The "Odes" are enveloped in a cloud of mysticism. But these imperfections are more than redeemed by exquisite and surprising beauties of detail; and if the writer had possessed a more equable and symmetrical genius, he would hardly have exhibited the depth of insight, the energy of thought, or the intensity of descriptive power in which, among his contemporaries, he is rivalled only by Browning.

R. GARNETT.

The story of the late Sir John Millais, which follows, is told by a correspondent of the *Chronicle* in the painter's own words:—

"I found myself seated one evening at a rather grand dinner next to a very pretty gushing girl to whom I had not been introduced. She fired into conversation directly she had finished her soup, and as it was May, began with the inevitable question, 'I suppose you've been to the Academy?' I replied that I had. 'And did you notice the Millais?' Didn't you think they were awful daubs? I can't imagine how such things ever get hung! —" She was going on gaily in the same strain, while I sat silent, when suddenly the amused smiles

of those around her, and the significant hush, brought her to a sudden stop. She colored rather painfully, and whispered to me in a frightened voice, 'For heaven's sake what have I done? Have I said anything dreadful? Do tell me.' 'Not now,' I replied; 'eat your dinner in peace, and I'll tell you by and by.' She did so rather miserably, vainly trying to extract from me at intervals what the matter was, and when dessert came I filled up her glass with champagne and told her to gulp it down very quickly when I counted three. She obeyed without protest, and I took the opportunity when she couldn't speak to say, 'Well, I am Millais. But let's be friends!'"

Academy.



